The Enterprise.

VOL. 7. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902. NO. 14.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
..3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	7:05	12:20
" South	—	4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
"		4:30
South	6:30	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

DUN'S SUMMARY OF BUSINESS.

Retail Trade Is of Immense Volume and Spring Orders Large.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co's Weekly Review of Trade says: Little of a novel nature has developed in the business or financial situation during the past week. Conditions of the preceding week were accentuated as a rule, active manufacturing plants becoming still more busily engaged, while the downward tendency of prices was not checked. Retail trade is of immense volume and jobbers have immense spring orders to fill. Western cities send the most satisfactory returns but nearly all sections are enjoying wholesome activity, even the South showing evidence of improvement. Wages were voluntarily advanced at a number of manufacturing plants and hours reduced at others. There were few labor controversies, while skilled workmen are in greater demand than supply.

Hesitation is general in the markets for staple products. There is no longer the reckless buoyancy so conspicuous a short time ago. Disaster to one prominent operator had a calming influence and in the case of Corn the insignificant exports cannot well be entirely ignored. Foreign buying of Wheat, Flour included, is much more liberal, all ports of the United States sending out 4,320,000 bushels during the past week, compared with 4,038,841 bushels a year ago. Meats have weakened and Dairy products are also less inflated. Raw Sugar stiffened owing to restricted arrivals, which are natural since Cuban holders await favorable tariff arrangements and bounty discussions affect conditions in Europe.

Failures for the week number 301 in the United States against 306 last year and 28 in Canada against 46 last year.

ITEMS FROM EAST, NORTH AND SOUTH

Important Happenings of the Week Told in Brief Telegrams.

The widow of the late Rear Admiral Philip has been granted a pension of $50 per month.

In a freight train wreck at Pando, Colo., the engineer and fireman were instantly killed.

R. Senanayaka, a prominent tea merchant of Ceylon is in Utah investigating methods of irrigation.

Judge Tuley of Chicago has decided that the rate for business telephones shall not exceed $125 per year. This means a reduction of $50 annually.

The annual report of the National Secretary of the Socialist party shows a membership of 12,000 in the various clubs, with a voting strength of 300,000.

The Senate Committee on the Philippines will make a thorough investigation of the Philippine question for the purpose of formulating a plan of government for the islands.

Two ranchers were killed and a third one wounded in a fight with robbers near Tecumcari, N. M. The latter had taken refuge in a fortified cave and after the battle escaped to the mountains.

The report that the Standard Oil Company has secured a controlling interest in the Equitable Life Insurance Company, is absolutely and unqualifiedly denied by the officers of the latter company.

The Hotel Cecil at Ottawa, Ont., was burned Saturday. Loss $60,000. Guests on the fifth floor had to leave the building in their night clothes, and some of them had to be taken out of windows with ladders.

George Dixon, at one time the world's greatest featherweight pugilist, went down and out under a rain of body blows from Eddie Lenney at Baltimore last week. The fight lasted nine rounds and Dixon was badly punished.

According to the statistics issued by the Census Bureau, the gross value of the products of manufacture in the United States in 1900 was $13,003,127,682, as compared with $9,372,437,282 in 1890, an increase of 38.73 per cent.

J. J. Shaughnessy, a gambler, shot and killed his paramour, Leita Winston, at Golconda, Neb., Saturday morning. The tragedy occurred in a house of ill repute. They had quarreled and Shaughnessy had made threats that he would kill the woman.

It is rumored that Captain Lewis Bayley, naval attache of the British Embassy at the national capital, will be recalled by his government. The captain has made himself obnoxious to officials at Washington by prying into American naval secrets.

At the convention of the United Mine Workers held at Indianapolis last week, John Mitchell, president; G. L. Lewis, vice-president, and W. B. Wilson, secretary-treasurer, were re-elected. The convention appropriated $500 to the McKinley Memorial Fund, and adopted resolutions favoring Chinese exclusion.

Twenty-one men were killed, eight seriously injured, a coal mine nearly wrecked, and ten mules blown to shreds in a dust explosion at the Lost Creek coal mines, near Oskaloosa, Ia. There were 110 men at work in the mine at the time of the explosion. Nearly all the victims were married and leave poor families.

The President has referred Admiral Schley's appeal to the Navy Department for "comment." This is the technical term employed in naval law to designate a reply in the nature of a criticism to any presentation. If charges are lodged against an officer they are referred to him in order that he may "comment" upon them, and his reply is known legally by that name.

James Alman, who is said to have been offered $100,000 to poison Abraham Lincoln a few weeks before the latter's assassination, died at Washington, D. C. last week. Alman was proprietor of a dairy and was in the habit of supplying milk to Secretary Stanton, with whom President Lincoln often took breakfast, and Alman claimed to have been approached by two men with a proposition to empty a box of poison in the milk which he served to the Stanton family.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

As a result of a furious gale along the Japanese coast two hundred fishermen are thought to have been drowned.

The Kharkhoff official temperance committee has petitioned the Russian Government to forbid drinking of vodka on public ways or in public places, and to close the liquor dispensaries on Sunday and holidays.

Lord Rosebery has written a novel, on which he is putting the finishing touches. It is expected that it will be published in the autumn.

United States Ambassador White gave a dinner to Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia last week at which many notables were present.

The Odessa University has petitioned the Russian Government to permit the holding in that city of university courses for women. The professors, or part of them at least, offer to lecture free to women students.

The Senate Committee on Judiciary authorized Senator Hoar as chairman of that committee to appoint a sub-committee of five to consider the various bills before the committee dealing with the subject of anarchy.

Lew Warner, an American horseman, died in England as the result of a self-inflicted pistol shot. His suicide was due to his sufferings from pleurisy. William Duke brought Warner to England and the latter subsequently joined Edward Corrigan's stable.

The obsolete Spanish gunboat Condor has been towed into Vigo, Spain, in a damaged condition, due to the explosion of her boiler, which killed three men and injured nine others, including the commander of the vessel. The boat is practically a wreck.

Owing to the spread of smallpox in London, the various Government departments have issued instructions which will result in the revaccination of Government employes. Many private companies have already taken similar precautions.

The condition of the Marquis Dufferin is causing grave anxiety. Until his recent attack the Marquis was busy revising his voluminous memoirs, which he has been compiling for years. They constitute secrets and records of the diplomatic events with which he has been connected since he went to Constantinople as Embassador, and this will fill a number of volumes.

ENGLAND BUYING MEAT IN ARGENTINA.

Australia and New Zealand Offended at Action of War Office.

Sydney, N. S. W.—The placing of contracts in Argentina by the British War Office to supply meats and other produce for the troops in South Africa has engendered extreme irritation throughout Australasia. This action of the imperial authorities is regarded as evidence of reprehensible indifference to the claims of the colonies, as ill according with the expressions of imperial solidarity, as poor repayment for the sacrifices of the colonists, and generally as grave injustice.

Most of the Premiers of Australasia and the Premier of New Zealand have cabled to the Imperial Government strong protests in practically identical terms, saying that the two colonies are able to supply the War Office requirements in South Africa three times over. Both colonies, it is pointed out, have more meat than customers, and when they are doing all in their power to build up and strengthen the empire, it is incomprehensible that trade is given to foreigners, especially Argentina, thus bringing into the field a keen competitor with the people of Australasia. The producers further declare that they feel such action is wrong and unfriendly, and that the blunder should be promptly retrieved.

STORE AND OCCUPANTS FLOAT TO SEA.

Proprietor and Two Customers Have a Narrow Escape at Tacoma.

Tacoma, Wash.—During the forty-eight-mile wind Saturday night a section of wharf in Old Tacoma was washed from its piling and floated out to sea. On the wharf stands a small grocery store owned by a man named Johnson. The proprietor and two customers were in the store at the time the dock floated away, taking the building with it. For several hours the grocery man and his customers were at the mercy of the waves, but the dock did not overturn and finally was picked up by a tug and safely moored.

A large boom of logs got away during the storm, and, rushing along the water front near the smelter, loosened other booms, until all rushed on together toward Old Tacoma. These combined log booms, acting like a gigantic battering ram, finally stopped in front of Carlson Brothers' shingle mill, recently constructed, and pounded the structure to pieces. A dry kiln was also beaten down and both buildings fell into the water. The wild log booms destroyed many yachts and other small craft. The total loss along the Old Tacoma front caused by the logs is between $15,000 and $20,000.

COAST NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

Items of Interest From Every Section of the Pacific Slope.

Oroville is to have a county jail.

A $130,000 High School is to be built in Stockton.

Smallpox is epidemic among the Indians of Plumas County.

Albert Miller, a wood cutter, hanged himself in a deserted cabin near Petaluma.

By the explosion of a frozen water tank at New Whatcom, Wash., six children were badly injured.

A cold wave struck Montana last Saturday and in twenty-four hours the thermometer dropped from 20 degrees above to 25 degrees below zero.

Military prisoners on Alcatraz Island in the bay of San Francisco, will hereafter be compelled to quarry rock for use on the Presidio reservation.

Reports from various sections of California state the recent rains were of inestimable value to the farmers, and a further precipitation is hoped for.

The Sunset oil district has seriously suffered, says the Los Angeles Herald, from the inefficiency of men who palmed themselves off on the oil companies as experienced well drillers, and many wells and appliances for drilling have been lost through their ignorance.

A number of small boats more or less injured, many buildings along the water front damaged and business of all sorts completely crippled is the record of a storm that swept over Seattle last Saturday. No lives were lost. Tacoma and Port Townsend also suffered from the gale.

The allegation made by Jacob Dorn of San Francisco that he had been swindled in a Los Gatos land deal was not sustained in the decision rendered in Dorn's suit against R. F. Robertson and others to recover $600 damages. The Court at San Jose decided against him.

Otto Cawthorn, an eighteen-year-old boy employed to run the elevator in the Standard Furniture Company's building at Seattle, was almost instantly killed while attempting to leave the cage as the elevator was rising from the first floor. His body was caught between the floor of the elevator and the ceiling and terribly mangled.

E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, departed for the East Saturday in response to a sudden and unexpected summons from Traffic Director J. C. Stubbs. McCormick goes to Chicago to confer with Stubbs and other officials of the Southern Pacific in regard to matters in his department and will be gone three or four weeks.

John C. Hall is in the County Jail in Butte, Mont., charged with embezzling $3,500 of the funds of Swift & Co., for whom he acted as bookkeeper. He was in charge of the Butte branch of the house, which has headquarters at Omaha, and was checked up by the firm's auditor, who, it is said, discovered the shortage. Hall has employed counsel and will fight the case.

Auxiliary pumping machinery is to be employed in the Consolidated California and Virginia Company to recover the flooded drifts down to the 2500-foot level. The present hydraulic pumps will be extended to the 2500-foot level to lift the water to the 2150-foot level, whence a Reidler pump, operated by electric and compressed air power, will lift the water into the Sutro tunnel.

A reign of terror exists in San Francisco where footpads have been holding high carnival. Holdups have been a nightly occurrence and many a belated citizen has been relieved of his money and valuables and in some cases beaten into insensibility if inclined to resist the demands of the highwaymen. Policeman Robinson was shot and killed while battling with three footpads, one of whom was brought to a halt by a bullet from the pistol of Policeman Taylor. The other two escaped. The following night Officer Crackbon saw a man acting suspiciously on Mission street who ran away as the policeman approached. The officer called to the man to halt, who only quickened his speed. Crackbon fired, the bullet striking the ground, glanced upward and entered the back of the fleeing man who dropped dead after running a short distance. The dead man proved to be Joseph Pedro, a hard-working, honest teamster, who ran away evidently mistaking the officer in citizen's clothes for a footpad. Under the circumstances no blame is attached to Crackbon for doing what he considered his duty.

ORGANIZE NATIONAL COMMANDERY.

State Organizations of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish War Federate.

New York.—Members of the different state commanderies of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American war met here and organized a national commandery. Officers were elected as follows: Commander in chief, President Theodore Roosevelt; senior vice-commander, Colonel E. P. Clark, U. S. V., Massachusetts; junior vice-commander, Colonel Charles B. Dougherty, U. S. V., Pennsylvania; recorder in chief, Captain John P. Hilton, U. S. V., New York; registrar in chief, Major J. B. Hall, U. S. V., Pennsylvania; treasurer in chief, Captain Taylor E. Brown, U. S. V., Illinois, and chaplain in chief, Chaplain Frank L. Phelan, U. S. V., Illinois.

The council in chief will consist of the following: Ensign F. W. Tappan, U. S. N., New York; Captain Arthur I. Garrett, U. S. V., New York; Lieutenant Walter J. Sears, U. S. N., Asiatic station; Major Otis H. Martin, U. S. V., Massachusetts; Major John A. Frye, U. S. V., Massachusetts; Lieutenant Robert K. Wright, late of the United States Navy, Pennsylvania; Colonel Frank I. Rutledge, U. S. N., Pennsylvania; Ensign R. B. Collins, late of the United States Navy, Illinois, and Captain F. T. Graves, U. S. N., Illinois.

The national commandery will have control of the different state commanderies, with power to authorize and constitute a commandery of the order in any state or territory in which such commandery exists. An executive committee was appointed to carry out the plans of the organization.

LARGE SUMS FOR CHARITY.

Gifts to Churches and Masons by the Will of a Philadelphia Citizen.

Philadelphia.—By the will of William McClary many thousands of dollars are bequeathed to churches and charitable institutions. The estate is valued at more than $112,000. Among the bequests is one of $20,000 to the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge of Free Masons, to be used for the support of the home for aged Masons in this city. Another legacy of $30,000 is left to the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to establish a perpetual fund, the interest only to be devoted to the support of a home for the care and education of orphan children of Free Masons.

If the home is not established within twenty years the fund, with its accumulations, is to be paid to five trustees, named in the will, who are instructed to utilize the interest and income in educating and supporting minor children of Free Masons in good standing, in accordance with a code of rules to be prepared by the trustees and approved by the Grand Lodge.

WOULD LEAD IN A PURITY CRUSADE.

Lady Cook, Formerly Tennessee Claflin, Worries Relatives by Spending Her Money.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from London says: The relatives of Lady Cook, formerly Tennessee Claflin, are deliberating how to prevent her from making ducks and drakes of her money. She is now staying at Claridge's Hotel here, engaged in an endeavor to persuade clergymen, Bishops and other strictly proper people to help her in a new purity crusade. She has met with only refusals, but her proceedings hitherto are understood to have been merely preliminary skirmishes. If her relatives do not succeed in restraining her, big battles will follow, for like Carrie Nation, Lady Cook believes that she has a divine mission to upset the conventionalities of life.

As far as is known her ladyship's income is about $50,000. The bulk of Sir Francis Cook's fortune is hers only to the extent of a life interest.

Long-Lost Son Returned to Find Mother Dying

Somerville, N. J.—The funeral of Mrs. Mary Farmer, an aged widow, brings to light a strange story of the return of a long-lost son. Among the mourners was John Farmer, who ran away over fifteen years ago. When Mrs. Farmer became critically ill some weeks ago she frequently expressd a wish to see the missing boy before she died. One of the widow's sons remembered his brother John had talked much about railroads when he was a boy and vowed he would be a railroad manager. The brother advertised in the Railroad Trainmen's Journal. John is trainmaster at Portland, Ore. He read the advertisement and made haste to communicate with his family. He arrived at his mother's side as she was dying. She was able to recognize him and gave him her blessing.

Electric Light for Dixon.

Dixon.—Dixon was lighted Saturday for the first time by power from the Bay Counties Electric Power Company. E. D. N. Lehe recently purchased the Dixon Light and Water Works. Transformers have been put in and the lines have been connected with those of the power company. There was a great demonstration. The Opera House was filled with citizens rejoicing that they are now to enjoy a new era of prosperity.

Leonidas Skliris, a Greek interpreter, has been held to appear before the Grand Jury at Elko, Nev., on the charge of obtaining money by false pretenses. His bond was fixed at $2,500. Skliris, it is charged, collected in the neighborhood of $4,000 from Greek laborers brought to this country to work on the railroad, making them believe the money was to pay their railroad fare, which had already been paid by the labor contractor to the company. He collected from $5 to $15 from each workman. Skliris is in jail, having been unable to secure bonds.

Washington.—The Department of State has just concluded negotiations with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the movement by special train of Prince Henry of Prussia and suit during his visit to the United States. The train will start from Washington March 1st, and will arrive at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sunday morning, March 2d.

It is rumored that the contemplated deal whereby a syndicate of Baltimore capitalists was to acquire the stock of the Market Street Railway Company, will fall through owing to the failure of the Eastern men to raise sufficient money. Thirty million dollars is the sum required.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Another war has broken out in South America, probably to prevent an interruption of the sequence.

If King Edward's coronation is anything like its prospectus it will at least add to the gayety of nations.

An old bachelor says there is nothing at all remarkable about the fact that only the female mosquitos annoy us.

The daughters of cabinet officers when their approaching marriages are announced get rather more prominence before the public than do their distinguished papas.

The injunction is a handy thing to have about the house. It has been invoked by a New Jersey girl to restrain a young man whom she says promised to marry her from marrying another girl.

German doctors may get excited because of the enormous increase of quacks, but they do not seem to rise to the profundity of truth that advertising pays. According to the regular school a "quack" is a doctor who is short on professional ethics and long on practice.

An editor whose types converted "spider web social" into "spindle leg social" has taken to the hills, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, not through fear of the ladies who attended the party, but because his amazonian wife is so unreasonable as to insist upon being shown how he secured the information.

From the settler's cabin may come a Clay. From the towpath of the canal may come a Garfield. From the woods may emerge a Lincoln. From the cornfields may rise a poet and a scholar. But who looks to the tenements of New York and Boston and Philadelphia for our future presidents and our future masters of literature and art and finance? Who looks to the slums of the great cities and to their fetid sweatshops for the world's leaders and torchbearers? Yet the drift of this country is steadily toward the tenement, and the drift from the tenement is toward the slum.

It appears that the punishment meted out to the reckless bicyclist is quite inadequate to impress upon the reckless automobilist the seriousness of his offense. To a man able to own an automobile valued at say $2,000—what is a $10 fine to him? A mere bagatelle If for each violation of the speed limit law he should be mulcted in the sum of from $200 to $400 perhaps it might make some impression on him. A still more salutary effect would be secured by a brief term of imprisonment—for the lawbreaker theoretically stands in the same light before the bar of justice, be he millionaire or vagrant.

The successful utilization of waste products has been a large factor in the solution of the problem of production worked out by this generation. The meat-packing industry is a notable illustration. Should the packers only make expenses from the packing business the waste product would afford ample profit. However, the utilization of waste, the turning of refuse into profit is only in its infancy. It is no fancy, that story of the chemist who turned a pair of boots into a fine quality of jelly. In the Middle Ages such a man would have been a magician. He would have examined the entrails, watched the flight of birds or noticed which way the smoke blew ere he announced such a metamorphosis. To-day the magician converts old skirts into glucose, makes ink from an old copper coffee pot and writing paper from old collars. The possibilities of the future transcend present belief. A New York physician says that good milk can be made from the sewage of the city. He could furnish as much from the present sewage volume as can be produced from a hundred thousand cows. It is simply a question of producing the milk more cheaply than from cows. When it is remembered that the smoke from smelters is carefully converted into white lead and the waste soapsuds from large woolen factories is now converted into pressed brick, some conception is afforded of the apparently fantastic, but really useful adaptations, of modern chemistry.

A peculiar phenomena is observable in the fact that while the nation, through the policy of expansion, is growing more cosmopolitan, in spots it is growing more provincial. It is true that certain districts in the United States are becoming more and more isolated because of certain conditions. Evidences may be discovered in the mountain districts of Kentucky where the feud of the middle ages is as strong as it was years ago. Regions in Tennessee, northern Georgia and West Virginia are untouched by the swift movement of modern thought. Peculiarities, customs and modes of thought bind communities of this sort into narrowness and isolation. Even our language is distorted into dialects, so that as in scriptural times, a man's speech betrayeth him. You can tell the down East Yankee by his omission of the "r," the Southerner by his concessions to negro dialect, and the rounder of the city by his patois. Communities are provincial in many things. Who would look for an unbiased opinion of the Chinese coolie on the Pacific coast? And yet what people more than the Californians admit the Chinese to their households? How many planters in the cotton states believe the negro has a soul? Note how aristocratic dwellers in "Athens" religiously stand by Bostonese as good English. "Can any good come out of Chicago?" asks the New York City provincial. The Missourian has to be "shown" when Iowa is concerned. We are coming to be a broad nation in many particulars, but we remain very narrow in spots.

The Judge who sustained a ruling of the Treasury Department that immigrants afflicted with tuberculosis had no right to enter the country did not go into the merits of the case. He simply held that the matter was one for the Treasury officials to decide. But it is clear that the Treasury decided wisely, that it is doing no more than it should to protect the health of the country. Tuberculosis is the most destructive disease known. In Europe, as well as in the United States, it is the cause of more deaths than any other. Epidemics of plague and fever are responsible for more scares and sensations, and occasionally produce a high death rate and a large mortality list, but tuberculosis works steadily year in and year out with the persistence of fate. It cannot be cured like the epidemics, and though new and promising remedies are announced every little while the one thing of a remedial nature upon which the best medical minds agree and insist is that the greatest care should be taken to prevent its inception and spread. There is no doubt that it is communicable; that the agent for its dissemination is the sputum of patients; that without strict regulations this agent is apt to be found everywhere. The seed of the disease is in the street of every town and city, in the workshop and on the farm. Hence the recommendations for the segregation of consumptives and the erection of public hospitals for their special care. When the dread of the disease is so great and such extraordinary precautions are urged against it within the country it is certainly reasonable that official precautions should be taken to prevent its importation. They are fully as justifiable as the measures which are taken to keep the sufferers from contagious diseases in quarantine.

Prof. Georgeson, who has been representing the Department of Agriculture in Alaska, has prepared a pleasant surprise for the American people. It appears that the current notion of Alaska as a bleak and somewhat terrifying wilderness, abounding chiefly in gold deposits and rigorous winters, is not altogether accurate. Alaska can be made the home of the farmer as well as that of the miner. There are at least four strips of territory, says Prof. Georgeson, where for about 400 miles the hardier grains can be cultivated with success. It is true these strips are not so spacious as the Mississippi Valley, being only thirty or forty miles wide at most. But, small as they are, they are fertile, and on their 10,000,000 acres it is thought that a population of 3,000,000 people might find a comfortable subsistence. Besides the cereals, vegetables are found to thrive in the Alaskan climate, and during the past year the town of Dawson was fully supplied with green vegetables grown at home. It was also proved that grazing is a prospective Alaskan industry. Horses, sheep and cattle can find excellent pasture and can get through the winter even when turned out to find their own food. What with cereals, therefore, and vegetables and stock, the farmer of the Yukon valley will be able to settle down in that part of the world as a permanent resident. It is to be understood, of course, that the hardships of Alaskan life are undeniable. While the country is by no means the gigantic iceberg which some people suppose it to be, yet the climate is a little bit more than bracing, and the farms, though good, can never be of the kind called bonanza. Alaskan agriculture, as Prof. Georgeson remarks, is for the small farmer, who shall own his own land and who shall support himself largely by what he himself produces. To such a man, intelligent and industrious, Alaska offers great opportunities, for, like the "Great American desert" and much of the Canadian Northwest Territory, it has outlived its reputation for sterility and hopelessness, and is now ready to be exploited.

Broke His Circuit.

The shades of the goose and the turkey were discussing the circumstances which had attended their respective takings off.

"Did you offer any objection when first the cruel farmer laid hands on you?" sympathetically inquired the gobbler.

"Yes," replied his gooseship; "I cried out: 'Hello, what's this?'

"What did you say next?" inquired the now thoroughly interested fowl.

"Oh," the goose replied, "I did not say anything more; just then I was wrung off."—Michigan Lyre.

Very Likely.

"Why does Mrs. Gazely persist in wearing that old-rose waist?"

"She says it's the prevailing tint."

"Wonder if her husband wears his old-rose complexion for the same reason?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Surprised.

Bessie—I was surprised when Mr. Dashleigh asked me to marry him.

Tessie—Everybody else was!—Ohio State Journal.

People differ as to what's good; some men like a dirty old pipe.

GROWTH OF OUR POSTAL SYSTEM.

ON the 26th of July, 1775, nearly a year before the Declaration of Independence, the Continental Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, passed a resolution creating a Postoffice Department, and appointing Benjamin Franklin Postmaster General with a salary of $1,000 a year. This is the position, greatly magnified in importance, to which President Roosevelt has called Henry C. Payne.

In 1789, when the federal constitution went into effect, the number of postoffices in the thirteen States then composing the Union was only 75. The prevailing method of carrying the mails was by horse and rider. The rates of postage were, for a single letter sent any distance under sixty miles, 7.4; over sixty miles and under 100, 11.1; over 100 miles and under 200, 14.8 cents, with proportionate additional chrarges for greater distances and double rates for double letters, triple rates for triple letters, etc.

A letter had to be written on a single sheet, containing the superscription—envelopes were not permitted. A double letter was a letter containing two sheets, and very additional sheet increased the charge for postage. The cost of sending a single letter by packet to Europe was 22.2 cents. The standard of value in which postage rates were computed at that time was the pennyweight of silver, rated at five-ninetieths of a dollar, which accounts for the decimals in the rates given above, as for the purpose of convenient comparison they have been translated into the terms of money now current.

The entire postal revenue of the country for the first full year after the adoption of the constitution—1790—was $37,935, which would not look large new in comparison with the receipts at the postoffice of Chicago or New York for a single day. The disbursements of the Postoffice Department for the year 1790 were $32,140. The receipts of the Chicago potsoffice for the month of November last were $1,100,000.

There have been times when the postal rates were higher than they were at the outset of the government. By the act of 1799 it cost 8 cents to send a single letter less than forty miles. To send it any distance not less than 300 nor more than 500 miles cost 25 cents. To these rates there was an addition of 50 per cent in 1814—a war measure—which lasted only two years. But as early as 1810 there had been a drop to 1 cent for local letters.

In 1863, when free delivery in large cities was instituted, the rate on drop letters was raised to 2 cents. In 1872 the rate on drop letters was lowered to 1 cent in cities without the free delivery system. The great reduction to 3 cents on all letters not weighing more than one-half an ounce, to all distances within 3,000 miles, was made in 1851, and the first grand recognition of books and other printed matter as a separate class to be carried at special rates was made in the following year, though it was not till long after that the pound rate for newspapers and periodicals, of which such shameless advantage has been taken in recent years, was established.

The reduction of letter postage to 2 cents per half ounce was made in 1883, and in 1885 the unit of weight for letters was raised to one ounce. It was in the latter year that the rate on newspapers and periodicals was reduced to 1 cent per pound. In 1887 the free-delivery system was extended to places of 10,000 population or $10,000 annual postal revenue. The most far-reaching postal innovation since that has been the establishment of the rural free delivery system, which is a recent memory, and the limit of which is not yet discernible.

The Postmaster General was not a member of the President's cabinet until Jackson's time. When that change occurred the number of postoffices was about 6,000, the annual revenue of the department $1,500,000 and the annual expenditure about $1,300,000. To-day there are upward of 76,688 postoffices in the United States. The extent of post routes, which was 1,785 miles in 1790, is now 600,000. The revenue of the department has risen to $111,631,193, and the expenditure to $115,554,920.

MIRACLES OF HEALING PERFORMED BY A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

It's a queer story they tell in Russia about Father Ivan, or John of Cronstadt, a miracle-working priest of the Greek church, who, it is alleged, makes the lame walk, cures consumption, and makes the paralyzed whole. Father John has just come into new prominence by reason of a gift of 1,000,000 rubies (about $750,000), from some unknown friend.

"Sain Ivan," as the people call him, is the most Christ-like person one can imagine walking this earth. When, at the coronation of the present czar, he was seen in the procession that conducted his majesty from the chapel to

JOHN OF CRONSTADT.

the palace, the ten thousands of foreigners present remarked the striking similarity with one accord, while the Russians, overcome, fell on their knees and worshipped him. On that supreme occasion the good priest wore a chasuble of spun gold, but without the cross and pillar designed to be emblematical of the Saviour's sufferings. His head was uncovered, and his long hair fell in graceful curls upon his shoulders. Ordinarily he wears the stately robes of the Russian higher clergy, resembling those of a Roman Catholic bishop, while his breast is adorned by a massive cross of pure gold set with precious stones, which the late Emperor Alexander presented him with on his death bed. But the show of grandeur is all outwardly; like the good Shepherd, John is simplicity itself in bearing and demeanor.

Father Ivan is the son of an Archangel peasant. He understands the Russians as Russians understand him. The people's sufferings are his own, he says, and his purpose in life to alleviate pain and promote happiness. On this principle rests his reputation as a miracle worker, and because of his success on these lines he is called a saint. But he claims no supernatural gifts for himself—no mysticism enters into his ministry as physician of body or soul. Asked for an explanation of some of his miracles now on everybody's lips, he answered: "Love, my son; nothing but love. Yes, and patience, too, and perhaps also the gift to put myself into my brother's place. When I find a man or woman all down-trodden and despised, and painful to look upon and, apparently, criminal in deed and intent, I forget about how things ought to be. I feel with my heart, reckon with his circumstances. I make his profit or loss accounts my own, and thus we understand each other without humilating confessions on his part, without presumption on mine." The saint's latest miracle that set the world wondering is the remarkable cure of a paralytic.

He Knew the Fact.

A convict at a French penal settlement who was undergoing a life sentence desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride-prospective looked at the would-be groom.

Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him, notwithstanding.—Edinburgh Scotchman.

Coal is cheaper in China than anywhere in the world.

PIONEERS IN SIBERIA.

RED TAPE TENDS TO HINDER EMIGRATION.

So Many Qualifications Are Asked of Intending Emigrants that All But the Most Persevering Become Discouraged and Remain Where They Are.

While the stringent regulations now governing emigration to Siberia have abolished to a great extent the disorder and abuses of the old system, they have entangled the whole process in a network of bureaucratic formalities, and the preliminary steps which must be taken by every intending emigrant are enough to make all but the most resolute desist. Before making any movement at all the emigrant must seek the advice of the local authorities and obtain a certificate of his suitability and capacity. Permits to emigrate are no longer easily obtainable, but are frequently refused on such grounds as "insufficient means," "physical disability;" the regulations laying it down that only "good farmers and taxpayers" are to be granted permits. The provisional permit is given only to the head of the family or some other able-bodied member of it, who, having taken the advice of the emigration officials at Tchelabinsk as to the nature and location of the available lands, is sent at a nominal fare into Siberia, where he is free to examine all the lots available. If he is successful in finding suitable land he must first have his choice approved at the local emigration office, the title being indorsed upon his pioneer's certificate. Afterward a final permit to emigrate is given to the remaining members of his family, who follow him on special terms as to railway fare, monetary assistance and exemptions; the poorer obtaining grants or loans to enable them to set up house and purchase the necessary implements. Formerly this assistance was given liberally, but the present policy of the government is to encourage emigration by the more prosperous and thrifty peasants only and monetary assistance is now restricted to small amounts, seldom exceeding from $15 to $25, and then nearly always in the form of a loan repayable without interest within ten years.

But before the final decision to emigrate is taken, the number of requirements to be satisfied is so great that it is not difficult to understand why not 30 per cent of the pioneers undertake the responsibility of bringing their families from home. For while Siberia as a whole contains the natural resources necessary for nearly all forms of agriculture, these resources are very unevenly distributed, and there is no single district which does not oppose to great natural advantages certain serious drawbacks. All the best agricultural land has long been occupied, says R. E. C. Long, in the Forum, and the pioneer who has only some two months in the year in which he can satisfactorily examine lots scattered over a great area, must compromise a hundred conflicting interests before he can be sure of making the best selection. He must consider the nature of the land, whether dry, marshy or salt, the question of water supply, whether wood exists in sufficient quantities and of the right quality both for building and fuel, and whether the crops raised are those to which he has been accustomed in Russia. He must inquire as to the system of agriculture practiced—Siberian land requires much heavier work than Russian—the losses from thieves, disease, wild beasts and insects; the question of markets and means of transport; and the cost of establishing a home. He must ascertain whether the local inhabitants have emigrated from the same district, and speak the same dialect as himself.

WATER FOR THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem Is Now Supplied by a System of Modern Designs.

The holy land has its railways, electric lights and American windmills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. In ancient times the city of David was well supplied. The remains of aqueducts and reservoirs show this. But since the Turk's day the people of Jerusalem have been dependent on the scanty and often polluted accumulations of rain water in the rock-hewn cistern beneath their feet. Even this supply has recently failed, says a correspondent of the London Times, owing to want of rain. Distress and sickness became so general that the Turkish governor has at length been induced to sanction the purchase of iron pipe to bring water fron Ain Salah, or the "sealed fountain," at Solomon's pools, about nine miles south of Jerusalem. A pipe six inches in diameter will bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day for distribution at "fountains" supplied with faucets.

Solomon, in his famous "Song," speaks of this secret spring, now turned to use. "My beloved," he says, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a deep-down subterranean spring, which has, from the time of Solomon, flowed through the arched tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber or reservoir near the northwest corner of the highest of Solomon's pools. Half a century ago the location of this "hidden" spring which was still, as in Solomon's time, flowing into the reservoir mentioned, was unknown. The tunnel is roofed by stones leaning against each other like an inverted V, the primitive form of the arch, which is also seen in the roof of the queen's chamber of the great pyramid. The entrance to this tunnel from the spring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be laid along the old aqueduct which formerly, from the time of Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there in the city, long unused, but now to be utilized, and from which the water may be drawn free to all, several taps being attached to each fountain.—Baltimore Sun.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

A novel by a Hungarian writer, Baron Nicholas Josika, is being issued in English. It is a vivid picture of the overrunning of Hungary by the Tartars in the thirteenth century.

Amelia Barr's new novel of Cromwell's time, "The Lion's Whelp," takes its title from the text in Genesis: "A lion's whelp—from the prey, my son, thou art gone up—and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Miss Rosa Nouchette Cary, in the years since she began to write—it was in 1868, that she published her first novel—has given the world more than a score of books, each one of which has enjoyed a well-earned popularity. The "Herb of Grace" is her latest, issued from the Lippincott press.

Think of one woman writing seventy-one books!—a library in itself. John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard) is the lady, and her latest novel, "The Price of a Wife," is her seventy-first book. She has kept in the front rank of novelists ever since she attained sudden popularity with "Bootle's Baby," in 1885.

A group of studies of James Bryce in history and jurisprudence has been in the press for some time. There are two volumes, and the contents of these have been composed at different times, extending over many years. While the studies are very diverse, a common thread runs through a number of them. This is a comparison between the history and law of Rome and the history and law of England.

Bret Harte, whose reported illness was lately denied, recently returned to the idea of the "Condensed Novels" which were his first published work in prose. A further volume of "Condensed Novels," suggested by such popular writers as Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle, may therefore be looked for from him. His earlier excursions in this style of parody belong to the California period of his career and were contributed to the San Francisco Californian.

William Ernest Henley, the English poet, when asked if he would like to reply to the criticisms of his recent attack upon Robert Louis Stevenson, quoted Bishop Berkeley in a lordly tone: "'They say! What say they? Let them say!' The criticisms are really not worth the trouble of retort. I shall probably read them in the papers. I have kept silence for five years against ill-natured attacks and every kind of innuendo and I can do so for another five years."

PROTECTED.

English Consul Saves the Life of an American Sailor.

In recalling incidents of international courtesy, when British and Americans have supported each other, a writer in the Boston Transcript tells the following story which came from an American sailor who had landed at a port in Chili:

The men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried and condemned to be shot the next morning.

Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offense; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and pinioned, in readiness for execution.

The English consul, preparing to hoist the Union Jack, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul and cried:

"Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more."

"Give me your flag!" cried the Englishman.

With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back, and faced the officers and soldiery.

"Shoot, if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!"

The man was not shot.

Had Library on Mormonism.

Theodore Schroeder, of Salt Lake City, has given to the Wisconsin Historical Library his library on Mormon history. This is one of the largest collections of books on this subject in existence, embracing, as it does, 23,000 bound volumes, pamphlets and newspaper files.

Very Bitter.

"There is nothing but bitterness in your heart!" she sighed, gazing into the embers.

"Naturally," he responded. "Haven't the doctors informed you that I have a tobacco heart?"

SINGING OF GOOD TIMES.

Let us sing about the good times in the valleys—on the hills,
The music of the mocking birds—the joy of all the rills;
Let us see in all the winters, where the snow lies chill and deep,
The soil that yearns to blossom where the flowers are safe in sleep.

Let us sing about the good times; they are bright on plain and slope,
And all the world is ringing with the silvery bells of Hope;
The blue skies bend above us—the grass is green and sweet,
And the violets spread a carpet for the falling of Love's feet.

Let us sing about the good times; they are coming right along,
And all the world is sweeter for their halleluia song;
And lo! for Love and living—for no blessing Love denies,
And life's a sweet thanksgiving to the glad and answering skies!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

ANGELE'S AWAKENING

THERE were two of them in her life—one, her lover, was a man of her own class, the son of a neighboring farmer; the other was an English gentleman. One toiled from the pale gray and pink dawn to the dull leaden darkness trying to extract a living for himself and his bride from the barren hillside farm; the other employed some twenty laborers to beautify the grounds about his summer home on the crest of the ridge. One had given his heart and soul into Angele Delamater's hands, and accounted himself blessed when she had placidly accepted his gifts; the other had noted her carelessly, thought her a pretty girl, told her so more or less directly, and, quite unwittingly be it said, awakened the love that had never been aroused by Jim Thorne's appeals.

And the wedding day was creeping nearer and nearer, while the glamour of the rich Englishman was enshrouding her in its filmy mist. Only eight or ten times had she seen him. The first time—perhaps the second—even the third—had made little impress on her mind. He was as far removed from her as the hilltop pines were distant from the scrub oaks and chapparal of her future home. Then came the day when he drew rein at her father's gate, to speak to the old man about a boundary fence. Angele, pommeling her bread by the open window, listened to the well-modulated voice—so different from Jim's—that was the first thought that occurred to her. In answer to her father's call, she took them the outline map of the farm, and Seymour sprang from his horse, coming half-way up the walk to take the papers from her—for the sun was hot, so he said. She wore no hat, and the blistering rays would burn her face—her hair—— What was it that he did say or suggest? His own head was uncovered while he spoke to her, and he looked like some glorious blonde giant—like the golden-haired knight of her childhood dreams. Who had ever thought of saving her a step—of sheltering her from the ordinary sunlight of her hills? Not her father, not her brothers, not Jim.

The next time she met him she was carrying some brilliant scarlet quince-blossoms, and what wonder was it that he compared the living blossoms with the living scarlet lips above them? Then it was, too, that he told her that the night before, as he lay in his hammock watching the moon slip out from the entangling arms of the pines, he had remembered that her hair matched the marvelous blue-black of the night sky. He had thought of her up there in his wonderful home! He had remembered her! Remembered how she looked! Could her imagination do otherwise than run mad riot?

The next meetings, quite accidental on his part, carefully planned on hers, were in the redwood circle through which the trail ran, from which it dropped down the sandy slope to Ben Lomond. There were few words spoken, but these the girl's heart translated into its own language, and in so doing enveloped them in wondrous beauty. Her mind, hearing only through her heart, was quite unconscious of the matter-of-fact, commonplace phrases. It heard only love.

When the wedding morn dawned the Delamater farm was enveloped in a sea of fog. The sun stretched himself lazily over the hills, and slowly the mist withdrew into the canyons, valiantly held a hillside for a moment, and then scurried back in undignified retreat. But vanquished it would not be, and all around its masses stood in close array. The farm itself, encircled with roses that gave place in ever-widening rings to blossom-laden orchards, seemed an oasis in the gnarled and rugged hillsides on which it lay.

Angele, a dull, only partially comprehended misery in her heart, was dressing for the ceremony. She had asked to be left quite alone in her little white room on this last morning at home, and now she stood by the window looking out blankly at the white, misty wall that shut out the view of the vineyard home to which she was soon to go, and the columned verandas of Seymour's house. She was listening, too, half-heartedly to the sounds below, to the mother and sisters busying themselves about the preparations for the wedding feast. She heard her father talking to Jim—to Jim, who had driven over early hoping to see her, hoping that he could find words in which to tell her all that he wanted to say; to tell her all that he longed for in life was to make her happy; that even now he would give her up if she did not feel that she could be content with him. For the honest, stupid, plodding boy had seen the shadow on his sweetheart's face, and, although he could not know its substance, he was unwilling to stand between his beloved and the sun of her life. But Angele had refused to see him; there would be time enough for all that afterward, she told herself; and that, too, was the message she sent to him.

She leaned forward to caress a rose that blossomed just beyond the green shutter, and then she saw him—Seymour—riding slowly down the trail. A sudden rush of blood from her heart to her head deprived it of all sense, of all reason. He had come! He would save her! That was the message that flashed along the crimson stream. He was on his way to the tryst under the great cathedral trees. She must meet him there. With feverish fingers she dressed, rejoicing in the pretty details of her traveling gown. Were they not all for him? Poor Jim! But he would get over it. They always did, and—— She stopped suddenly, and looked in the glass at the scarlet lips, brilliant like Japan's quince-blossoms, at the blue-black hair so like the summer night. A quick rush of tears dimmed all the vision. Poor little mother! Would she get over it? The girl tore a scrap of paper from the box that had held the wedding hat and wrote a hurried note to her mother. Then once more she went to the window. The fog was again shutting down and enveloping like a bridal veil the green trees under which even now Seymour must be waiting for her. Hurry! She must hurry to him.

And then she saw that Seymour himself was standing by the gate, and that her father was walking down the path, his long, white hair gleaming like silver. Courteously enough, the Englishman greeted him, adding: "About that boundary line, Mr. Delamater. Couldn't you come with me now to look over the land? We may as well come to terms about it to-day."

"But not to-day." The old French peasant's voice had lost its cringing tone in his broadening American life, but he understood that the rich landowner knew nothing, cared nothing, about the personal affairs of the poor. Still he explained: "It is Angele's—it is my daughter's wedding-day, and——"

"Oh, Miss Angy's wedding-day. Surely, I had forgotten." Seymour's tone held a note that might almost have been an apology, so kindly were his feelings toward these, his poor neighbors. "Of course business has no place to-day. Give my best wishes to the bride. Thorne is a fine fellow, I think, and I am sure that Miss Delamater and you are both to be congratulated."

He rode away into the fog, never glancing at the shutters behind which the white face was hidden, never dreaming that in the bride's heart or mind there was place or thought for him.

The Lares and Penates in the little white room watched her through her half-hour of agony, through her hour of conquest, and then saw her pass out from among them forever, ready to face her little world, ready to take up the honest burden of life.

The ceremony was over, the toasts were all drunk, and the bride had driven away. Such a fine wedding! Such a pretty bride! These were the comments of the simple country folk, and only the mother eyes had seen the pain, and, seeing it, had known that her uneasy fears had been realities—that Angele had married the one, loving the other with her whole heart. Through a rain of tears she watched the dust-cloud move slowly down the mountain until it mingled with the fog-cloud, and then she turned into her own room, and on her knees, by her bed, prayed for help for her child. To her, there, Angele's note, written in fierce, impossible joy, forgotten in intolerable anguish, was brought:

"Oh, mother, little mother: I am going away with the man I love. The other was all a mistake. Nothing but misery could have come out of it, nothing but joy will come from this. You will know that I am right in time.

"ANGELE."

The mother eyes read and the mother's heart was comforted.—Argonaut.

Teaching by Phonograph.

A system of teaching the French language by phonograph is to be tried in England. Several prominent French professors are devoting their energies to preparing phonograph cylinders carrying French lessons upon them. The phonographic records are accompanied by a book, which contains thirty lessons, each of which corresponds to a phonographic cylinder, and each lesson is ingeniously illustrated. All that the student has to do is to set the phonograph in motion and the book will explain what the instrument is saying. The object of this system is to give the French accent correctly.

Indian Territory Coal Deposits.

Some idea of the value of the coal deposits in Indian Territory can be gained when it is known the average thickness of the vein is four feet, which will produce 4,000 tons to the acre. These lands are leased in lots of 900 acres each, which means that 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 tons can be produced by those leasing the land. On this output the lessees pay a royalty of 8 cents a ton. The output during the last year was 1,900,127, as against 1,400,441 tons the previous year.

An Important Question.

"This," said the guide, with an impressive flourish, "is the famous Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. It is valued at close to $1,000,000."

"Ah!" remarked the American tourist, "and does that include the frame?"—Philadelphia Press.

It is an easy matter to determine the power of a woman's will by comparing the size of her shoes with the size of her feet.

THE RIFLE AND AX.

What a Story They Can Tell of the Development of the West.

The settlement of the West will always be a subject of deep interest to Americans. In the Century the matter is interestingly handled in the first of a series of articles which will deal with the upbuilding of that great empire and a graphic pen picture is given of that restless pioneer who turned his face toward the setting sun.

Let us picture, says the writer, this first restless American, this westbound man. We must remember that there had been two or three full American generations to produce him, this man who first dared turn away from the seaboard and set his face toward sinking of the sun, toward the dark and mysterious mountains and forests which then encompassed the least remote land fairly to be called the West. Two generations had produced a man different from the old world type. Free air and good food had given him abundant brawn. He was tall, with Anak in his frame. Little fat cloyed the free play of his muscles, and there belonged to him the heritage of that courage which comes of good heart and lungs. He was a splendid man to have for an ancestor, this tall and florid athlete who never heard of athletics. His face was thin and aquiline, his look high and confident, his eyes blue, his speech reserved.

This was our American, discontented to dwell longer by the sea. He had two tools, the ax and the rifle. With the one he built, with the other he fought and lived. Early America saw the invention of the small-bore rifle because there was need for that invention. It required no such long range in those forest days, and it gave the greatest possible amount of results for its expenditure. Its charge was tiny, its provender compact and easily carried by the man who must economize in every ounce of transported goods; and yet its powers were wonderful. Our early American could plant that little round pellet in just such a spot as he liked of game animal or red-skinned enemy, and the deadly effect of no projectile known to man has ever surpassed this one, if each be weighed by the test of economic expenditure. This long, small-bored tube was one of the early agents of American civilization. The conditions of the daily life of the time demanded great skill in the use of this typical arm, and the accuracy of the early riflemen of the West has probably never been surpassed in popular average by any people of the world. Driving a nail and snuffing a candle with a rifle bullet were common forms of the amusement which was derived from the practice of arms.

When the American settler had got as far West as the plains he needed arms of greater range, and then he made them; but the first two generations of the west-bound had the buckskin bandoleer, with its little bullets, its little molds for making them, its little worm, which served to clean the interior of the barrel with a wisp of flax, its tiny flask of precious powder, its extra flint or so. The American rifle and the American ax—what a history might be written of these alone! They were the sole warrant for the departure of the outbound man from all those associations which had held him to his home. He took some sweet girl from her own family, some mother or grandmother of you or me, and he took his good ax and rifle, and he put his little store on raft or pack-horse, and so he started out; and God prospered him. In his time he was a stanch, industrious man, a good hunter, a sturdy chopper, a faithful lover of his friends, and a stern hater of his foes.

CHICKENS SNORE AND SNEEZE.

Make an Audible Sound in Breathing When Asleep.

"You never heard a chicken snore or sneeze?" asked the poultry raiser who has a big farm of fancy chickens over in Maryland. "Well, you ought to learn something about chickens. Just go into a chicken house any night and you will hear chickens breathing heavily in deep sleep. In different parts of the house you will hear chickens actually snoring, making a noise loud enough to locate the birds that are guilty of this reprehensible conduct.

"Whether the near-by chickens object to this barbarous habit I don't know, but there is never much noise in a chicken house in the early part of the night. If there is a particularly loud noise around the house a rooster will wake up and give a warning to the slumbering fowls, but in a few minutes all of them will settle down to as sound a sleep as before. You may take a sleeping chicken off a roost in the night and if you hold it a few minutes the chances are that it will go soundly to sleep in your hands.

"Yes, chickens sneeze when they are taking a bad cold," continued the poultry raiser, according to the Washington Star. "When I hear one sneeze I always give it a small piece of camphor to drive out the cold, and the chicken is soon well. Chickens cough and have colds, catarrh and diphtheria just like people."

A Fear.

"So you think that this concentration of wealth is the inevitable outgrowth of our civilization!"

"I do," answered the man who thinks for a living.

"And you must admit that the ultimate result of such a condition would be to put all the money under the control of one individual?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems terrible to think of."

"What does?"

"The possibility of J. Pierpont Morgan's getting out of temper some day and making up his mind to discharge the entire human race."—Washington Star.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

BETTER be a poor man than a rich machine.

Prayer should sound of "thank you" as much as of "please."

Crooked living makes the cross Christian.

Diversities in truth are not divergencies.

Uniformity is not essential to unity.

Every act has a cause and is a cause.

The irreverent receive no revelation.

The needless life will not be weedless.

A passive church soons passes away.

Conduct shows the content of character.

Fretfulness is the cause of fearfulness.

Jesus is the master-key of the universe.

The heart that sings, wings itself to heaven.

Sincerity is the one great secret of success.

The gloomy church preaches a sunless heaven.

No man finds his work till he loses himself in it.

Some churches make very successful burial clubs.

It takes a great man to escape undeserved glory.

Don't try to keep your pigs and your pearls together.

The most needy man is always my nearest neighbor.

Looking into life's ledger will lead to loving thanksgiving.

No duty is too small to embrace the sublimest principles.

Holiness is never under the necessity of advertising itself.

The true furniture of life is made in the factory of drudgery.

God does not forget to benefit those who do not forget His benefits.

God's work will not end in His glory unless it is begun in His grace.

God can always grant us our desires when He has changed our hearts.

When the pulpit is a pedestal for pride it cannot be a power for God.

The bars across the heavenly road are as likely to be made of gold as of iron.

Nothing would surprise some people more than to have their prayers answered.

It will not help to pray for heavenly illumination after you have blown out the candle of sense.

It makes all the difference in the world whether our religion is an inner force or an outer fashion.

The Present Endeavor

"Hah!" exclaimed the chieftain of the brigands of Bulgaria, as he shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed suspiciously across the plain. "What is that large army of men who rush so madly toward us? Can it be that the soldiers have decided to capture us?"

The lieutenant took a look at the strangers through his field glass and said:

"No, sir, it is not the soldiers. It is a lot of magazine and newspaper representatives coming to secure our own story of this enterprise."—Baltimore American.

Ouida's Eccentricity.

Ouida, as Mlle. de la Ramee prefers to call herself, is now an elderly lady, but she still affects the white muslin frocks and pale blue ribbons of a bygone era. She is the autocrat queen of a large circle of admirers at Florence, where she has an ideal home, and an extraordinary collection of dogs. Ouida does not like England or English life and food, and not infrequently at London dinner tables has asked for cold roast beef and beer, that being the level, she says, on which she places English cookery.

Nature and Art.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has a face like a cherub. It is round and soft and full of color. One day in the corridor of the Senate he was approached by a giggling young woman who asked rapturously: "Oh, Senator, where in the world did you get your pretty pink complexion?" Bailey was embarrassed only for an instant. Looking her straight in the eye and tapping her lightly on her slightly rouged cheek, he very gravely asked: "Where in the city did you get yours?"

Do Not Note the Speed.

It is one of the peculiarities of travel by balloon that you do not feel anything; all is still with you, no matter how fast you may be going. You see, you are riding with the wind; you move as fast as it moves; you are part and parcel of it, whether you wish to be or not. It takes you in its embrace so firmly yet so softly you do not know it is there. You may be in the teeth of a hurricane, but you never know it; all is calm and placid with you.

Famous Tower Demolished.

The famous "Tower of Remembrance," which was erected at Gravelotte by the Germans in 1895 at a cost of more than $200,000, has been blown up by the military engineers. Originally intended as a post of observation over the neighboring country, it was afterward found that the existence of such a watch tower was incompatible with the safety of the new fort outside Metz, which it completely dominated.

Many a man puts his best foot forward so far that his other foot becomes discouraged in attempting to catch up with it.

Children's Corner

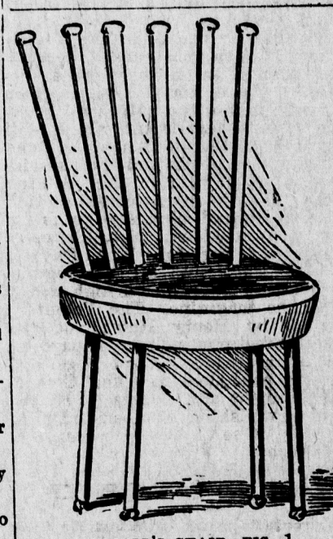
How to Make a Doll's Chair.

Very pretty and strong little chairs for dolls may be made inexpensively at home in the following manner:

Saw off the two ends of a large spool. Hammer four fine-pointed nails in on the under side, for the legs of the chair. Next put in six nails on the upper side in a semi-circle to form the back. Thus you have a firm foundation as in the sketch No. 1.

Now for the upholstery.

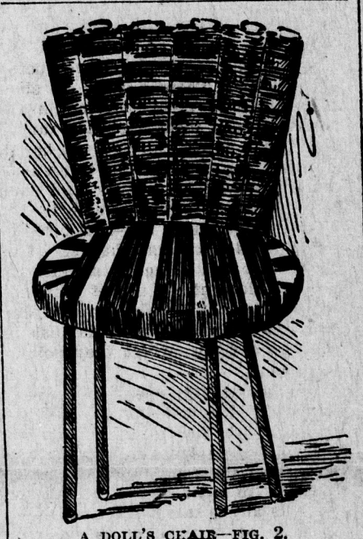
With a ball of fine wool or yarn, in one color or variegated, begin at the



A DOLL'S CHAIR—FIG. 1.

top of one leg, just under the seat, and wind round and round it tightly and smoothly. On arriving at the end, turn back and wind over again to the top. Now carry the wool over to the opposite leg and proceed in the same manner until all four are completely covered.

Next, wind the wool over and under the seat diagonally between the opposite corners, then wind it across from side to side, then from back to front.



A DOLL'S CHAIR—FIG. 2.

This makes a well padded seat, the same on top and underneath. To pad the back, the wool is woven in and out over the nails, back and forth, until the whole is well covered when the end is secured and cut neatly off. The result is all that can be desired, neat, strong and pretty. Care must be exercised in driving the nails into the spool ends. If too hard or too thick they may split the wood.

A Dilemma.

Sir Lionel Stuyvesant Peter von Toots
Had one hundred and ten pairs of beautiful boots;
Bluchers and Wellingtons, Hessians and Jacks,
Round toes and pointed toes, russets and blacks,
High-lows and buskins, of each a full store.
Top-boots and sandals and gaiters galore,
Balmorals and Congress, strapped, buttoned, and laced;
With the finest of silk they were tasseled and faced;
Bathing, golf, tennis and bicycle shoes,
Worsted-worked slippers of marvelous hues,
Dancing pumps, too, of bright patent leather—
In short, he had footgear for all sorts of weather,
For all sorts of places and all sorts of times,
For all sorts of ventures in all sorts of climes.
Yet Sir Lionel Stuyvesant Peter von Toots
Was that kind of a person whom nothing quite suits;
And all day he would sit in his large easy chair,
Uncertain which ones 'twould be proper to wear.

—St. Nicholas.

Edison, Boy Editor.

Thomas Edison, the "wizard," has been so long associated with his wonderful inventions in electricity that a good many forget that he was ever a telegraph operator for a living, and still fewer know that he ever was an editor. Edison was a boy who used his eyes to good advantage. When he was forced out into the world at the early age of 12, he went as train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Michigan. Even then he was dabbling in chemistry in a laboratory fitted up in one end of the baggage car, but as a seller of papers he kept his eyes open and finally decided to edit and print a paper of his own. He bought some old type, managed somehow to get an old printing press and there in the same baggage car which held his little laboratory he printed his Grand Trunk Herald. He had no assistants but the baggagemen and brakemen, and his news was naturally only railway gossip, but nevertheless his little 3-cent publication became very popular and was noticed by the London Times.

Edison by this time had three boys working for him as assistants and many a boy would have been satisfied with this. Not so Edison. He left it all and started out on the career which has made him the master inventor of the nineteenth century.

This same career represents years of poverty, difficulties, ridicule, hard luck all the way round and innumerable trials and obstacles, and it is an unusual character as well as a man of unusual ability who could have kept to the track he believed he should travel, as Edison succeeded in doing. All the ability in the world will not take a man to the highest round of the ladder unless he also develops stability of character and tenacity of purpose.—Minneapolis Journal.

Nettie Missed the Point.

"I always have my lessons better than any of the girls in my class, mamma," said 6-year-old Nettie.

"I'm glad to hear it, Nettie," rejoined her mother. "But don't you think it would sound better if some one else said it?"

"Yes, I guess it would," replied Nettie. "I've got such a bad cold I can't say it very well."

Why Send Missionaries?

Bobbie (trying to quiet his baby sister)—Say, mamma, is it really true that babies in China never cry?

Mamma—I have no reason to doubt it, dear.

Bobbie—Then what is the use of sending missionaries to a place where the kids are all angels?

What It Showed.

Mamma—Tommie, I'm glad to observe that you have given your little sister the largest piece of cake. It shows you are charitable.

Tommie—No, it doesn't, mamma. It shows that the small piece had the most raisins in it.

Meaning of "M. D."

"Mamma," queried little Ethel, "what does M. D. mean after a doctor's name?"

"I know," exclaimed her small brother. "It means 'money down.'"

POWER OF A PINT OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It Will Burst the Strongest Cask.

A single pint of water will burst a strongly built iron-hooped oaken cask as quickly as though a dozen pounds of gunpowder were exploded within it. It is a well-known law of physics that the pressure exerted by liquids increasing in proportion to their depth. Suppose, therefore, that we have a strong cask filled with water and standing on end. The staves of this cask may be made to burst apart by adding a very small quantity of water to what is already in the cask.

As the cask is already full some way of adding the water must be devised. To do this a hole is bored in the end or head of the cask and a long tube of small diameter is inserted upright. At the upper end of the tube is a small funnel, into which water is poured until the tube becomes full, and when that point is reached the cask will burst.

This seems almost incredible, but it is only a demonstration of the law that has been cited. When the water is poured into the tube it unites with the water in the cask and the depth of the water is several times as great as it was in the cask alone. The fact that there is only a small quantity of water in the tube makes no difference, for it is now all one body, and its depth is gauged from the top of the tube to the bottom of the cask.

As a matter of fact, this experiment is only an artificial reproduction of what we know takes place in nature. Some of her greatest convulsions are caused by this very process. Suppose, for example, that there is a great mass of rock, under which there is a cavity filled with water that has no outlet. Suppose, moreover, that there is a crack extending from the surface of the ground through this mass of rock to the water-filled cavity underneath.

A rock in this condition is a common thing in nature, the crack being caused by some disturbance of the earth, or by its splitting in the natural order of things. Now when it rains enough to fill that crack, thus increasing the depth of water in the cavity, the pressure will become so great that the rock will be torn into 100 fragments.

The Trial of Genius.

"John, dear," she said, in her sweet, affectionate voice, which she only used on rare occasions, "are you well up with your Christmas work?"

"Pretty well," he sighed, as he put a period to a poem which had almost given him nervous prostration. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, dear, I'm afraid you are undermining your health, and I want you to take a recess and write me a short story to pay for my new dress, a couple of poems for my hat and gloves, a good, stirring campaign song that will bring in enough for a ton of coal and one or two of those darling love poems for some lard and a sugar-cured ham; and ham, dear, is only 12 cents a pound!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Perfunctory.

Minnick—What is 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum," anyway?

Sinnick—That's merely a quotation that people use just before they begin to say something unkind about a departed friend."—Philadelphia Press.

Old age is most pitiful when it gives those who reach it the air of a whipped dog.

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

The Enterprise has on its new gown this week.

The Teller temper does not improve with time. The Colorado Senator got mad clean through the other day when Beveridge convicted him of romancing.

The wind that blew a boxcar from the siding to the main track Monday morning is called in California a stiff breeze. In Nebraska it would be pronounced a blizzard.

The January National Homemaker just received is a magnificent paper. It is the organ of the National Irrigation Association and a worthy champion of that great movement. The paper is ably edited and finely illustrated.

The San Francisco Examiner is owned by a millionaire demagogue. This M. D. tells the workingmen in a recent issue that "wages are going up in this country and they are going to continue to go up." It is true that wages have advanced materially since the dismal days of Democratic control of our country, and it may be true that there will be a further advance; but it may not be amiss to note that when the S. F. Examiner is not playing the part of demagogue to the populace, it is busy declaring that there has been no real return of prosperity nor advance in wages under Republican ascendency. But consistency is not a part or portion of Examiner policy.

Tariff means revenue, whatever else it may include or mean. A tariff bill or act is a revenue bill. The Constitution of the United States provides that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as in other bills." Now, the Senate of the United States claims the right to negotiate treaties, changing tariff laws without the co-operation of the House. The people of the United States and people of England alike have placed the immediate care of the Nation's purse in the hands of the popular branch of the National Legislature, and both are exceedingly jealous of any infringement of this well-grounded and established rule. A so-called treaty which changes the entire scheme of National revenue legislation is not a treaty in the ordinary sense. It is revenue legislation and as such should originate in the House or at least have the concurrence of that body.

An effort is being made to gather up the fragments of the opposition to Republicanism in Iowa and form a new party. These new political babies are born in Iowa with regularity, but it is seldom one has enough vitality to survive the second summer. —Omaha Bee.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Neglect chances to get even.

Every boss thinks the boss system is the best.

Never consult two people about one horse trade.

If whiskey throws other people, it will throw you.

Every one thinks that he is not gossiping; that he is simply talking.

If you are all right, you needn't talk yourself to death telling about it.

When a man sees a sign "Keep Out," he thinks it is meant for other people.

Some people act the hog all their lives, and then don't get much.

Some people keep up a bluff so long they can't shake it after the cause is gone.

Let a man advise honesty, and all the thieves will say: "The old hypocrite!"

Ever notice that as soon as you get one fiddler paid, another begins to tune up?

When a boy goes to a party, he doesn't care about refreshments; he wants something to eat.

What a pity it is that when nature does a good thing (like rain or snow in a dry season) we cannot clap for an encore.

When a man is killed on the railroad, his friends talk of the will of God, until after the funeral, when they bring suit against the railroad company.—Atchison Globe.

LITERARY NOTES.

The February issue of The Ladies' Home Journal opens with the first part of Miss Porter's new romance of the South, "Those Days in Old Virginia," illustrated by W. L. Taylor. This is followed by Joseph Blethen's story of "The Girls of Flat G," a tale of four girls who established bachelors' hall, and the third installment of "The Russells in Chicago," a clever satire on the way they do things in the Western metropolis. A most interesting and timely contribution is "My Impressions of American Women," by His Excellency Wu Ting-fang, Chinese Minister to the United States. Clifford Howard describes Madame Modjeska's paradise of a home in Southern California, and Franklin B. Wiley writes of "The Summer Homes of Well-Known People," telling and showing where such famous folk as Paderewski and Marion Crawford and a dozen others spend the warm months. For the children are "The Journal's Puzzle School," a new game, and a description of how to make "smoke pictures." The editorial page is given up to the first of the "Mothers' Meetings," a new department which will appear at intervals hereafter, and several clever poems and short stories are printed in "Under the Evening Lamp." In the departmental section Edward Howard Griggs's talks on education continue; Mrs. Sangster has a special page for "When Days of Illness Come," and all the regular departments maintain the high standard of the magazine. The Valentine cover is by Henry Hutt; and the pictorial features include a page of most attractive pictures of dogs, and a double page showing "The College Girl in Music and Drama." By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

TAME FISH IN A RIVER.

A Traveler's Story of What He Saw In Upper Burma.

When in camp the other day, I was riding through a village when the village headman asked me if I would like to see "the fish." I, not knowing what the headman meant, at once went with him down to the banks of the stream, followed by several villagers with baskets of sessanum and paddy mixed together. Then the thuggi called "Lay, lay, lay, lay," for a few moments, when, lo and behold, a large herd of ngatwe, or big, short, flattish fish, came up just under our feet and were promptly fed by the Burmans.

The fish were amazingly tame and tolerated being stroked and petted even by me. There were in all about thirty-three of them, varying in size from eighteen inches to three and a half feet long, the larger ones having a girth at the gills of about thirty inches. They would go away and come back whenever they were called.

The villagers told me—and I see no reason to doubt what they say—that these same fish come up against the monsoon flood at the end of June and go away about October every year. They can recognize individual fish by marks, scars, etc., which they pointed out to me.

The Mon is nearly dry in the cold and end of the hot weather, and the fact that these fish return to this one village landing stage every year regularly and never go to any other is quite worthy of remark. A villager who kills any of them has to undergo a penalty of 10 shillings by common consent, and great care is in consequence taken of them.

The ngatwe of upper Burma is a very short, thick fish, tapering rapidly from behind the gills to the tail, has long feelers on both upper and lower lip and has no noticeable teeth. He makes very good eating and has but few bones. I have often heard of tame fish in tanks, but a herd of tame fish in a monsoon river connected with the great Irawadi is a very bizarre phenomenon.—Burma Cor. London Field.

Fortifying a Lighthouse.

A lighthouse at the south cape of Cormosa was built in a part of the island inhabited solely by savages and had, in consequense, to be fortified. The lantern was protected by steel revolving screens, and on the gallery of the tower, which was of cast iron, a machine gun was mounted on racers.

Round the base of the tower was built a wrought iron refuge, or fort, communicating by bullet proof passages with all the rooms in the keepers' dwelling houses.

Both fort and tower were fitted with suitable accommodation for the staff in a case of siege, had water tanks in the basement and were supplied with a stock of provisions.

The station was further protected by a loophole wall and a dry ditch, flanked by two small towers, or caponnieres, armed with eighteen pounder cannon.—Engineering.

In the Studio.

"Your work bears the closest kind of inspection," remarked the girl with the dimple. "What infinite pains you must take with it!"

"Perhaps," replied the artist; "but, do you know, I enjoy the pains."

"Then," she rejoined, with a bright smile, "you, too, pursue art for art's ache."—Chicago Tribune.

A Compromise.

Borroughs—Say, old man, lend me $20 till the first of the month, will you?

Markley—Well — er — I'll compromise with you. I'll lend you $1 till the 20th. —Philadelphia Press.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

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PECULIARITIES OF SOUND.

The Kind of Note Best Suited For Long Range Signals.

Signals made by sounds of explosion are not the most reliable. Their penetration is obviously often uncertain; while, their duration being brief, they may be missed by momentary inattention. The reed horn was the more efficient instrument as compared with guncotton cartridges over London. The siren would probably have been yet more efficient as also doubtless a horn capable of producing two notes differing, say, by the interval of a third or a fifth, a conclusion arrived at many years ago by experiments which have been unhappily too much lost sight of. Professor Piazzi Smith found by trial that a high note was generally more penetrating as a signal, but advised that such a note should not be used alone, assigning as one reason that individuals possess note deafness similar to color blindness, so that no one note could be trusted. Experiments went to prove that a sound varying between a high and a low note best arrested attention at long range.

And the same result has been arrived at in another way. The peculiar cry of the Alpine guide, which is, in fact, of that nature which Professor Smith advocates, has doubtless been taught by the exigencies of his situation, where his voice is required to carry across broad and deep ravines. Nature has taught the same lesson in the Australian wilds, where the characteristic "Cowi, cowi!" appears essential to penetrate the deep woods.

Nor indeed need we look farther for an example of the same kind than our own village lanes. The high pitched voices of children are very farreaching. Their shouting can be heard farther away in the sky than that of man, and in calling to their fellows they always employ a trick of the voice taught doubtless by experience. The child will summon her playmate from far away with a well practiced "Sally," the first syllable, high pitched and prolonged, giving place to the second syllable uttered abruptly in a yet higher note. And this mode of calling is universal.—Nineteenth Century.

THE TURQUOISE.

The turquoise, the birthstone for December, signifies prosperity.

The turquoise was a familiar and favorite gem among the ancient Mexicans and Indians of the west.

The turquoise fades when its owner is ill, and dies when the wearer is attacked by an incurable malady—so they say.

The Germans claim that by its varying shades the turquoise turns telltale on the caprices and moods of its wearer.

Shakespeare gives these words to Shylock: "He would not have lost his turquoise ring for a whole wilderness of monkeys."

The turquoise derives its name from a word meaning Turkish and is so called because the first turquoises were found in Turkey.

If your birthday comes in December and you wear a turquoise, you need never be afraid of falling off a high place. One of the powers of the azure hued gem is to preserve its wearer from this catastrophe.

It is also said that it has the power of protecting its wearer against contagion. A turquoise would certainly be an ornamental substitute for vaccination. Its efficiency would probably depend upon the "faith" of the wearer.

Belonged Elsewhere.

That it is possible to have too good an appetite seems to be one of the morals of a story told by a friend to the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am very fond of roasted ears of corn," said he, "and I eat it whenever I can get it. Some time ago, while I was in a restaurant in Texas, the waiter put a plateful on the table, and I just helped myself.

"When I had consumed the third, I noticed that a man across the table was eying me most curiously. I looked at him and told him that I considered roasted corn one of the most nutritious and palatable things a man could eat. Then I helped myself to a fourth ear and devoured it with relish.

"When I reached my hand into the dish for the fifth, the fellow across the table couldn't stand it any longer.

" 'Say, pard,' said he, 'don't you think you could save about a dollar and a quarter a day if you was to board at a livery stable?' "

Li Hung Chang's "Souvenir."

When Li Hung Chang was in Paris, he went to visit the Credit Lyonnais and showed lively interest in its halls, its stairs, its safes and the room where the bonds of the last city of Paris loan are kept. He was first shown bonds of 500 francs and 1,000 francs and then of 5,000 francs. Taking them in his hands, he scrutinized them, exclaiming frequently, "Joli, joli!" Then he finally thrust them in his pocket, saying, "Souvenir de Paris!" The governor of the Credit Lyonnais went to the minister of foreign affairs with a list of the bonds and asked what he was to do. It was agreed that it would not do to ask Li to give them up, and the foreign office refunded his "souvenir de Paris!"

The Way to Do Business.

"Is there any one living here under twenty-one years of age?" inquired a man who rang the doorbell at a genteel residence the other day.

"No, there is not," rather sharply replied a spinster of eight and thirty summers who answered.

"Why, is it possible?" was the reply of the apparently astonished man. "Don't you live here?"

It was a neat hit, and after a little simpering and a brief chat about the weather the maiden purchased two copies of a work entitled "Hints For the Young."—London Tit-Bits.

ATTACKED BY A HERON.

Boy Tries to Capture the Bird and Nearly Loses His Life.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsman to a writer in the New York Times, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me.

"I was a boy then and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it, but, kidlike, I raised the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I touched it too hard, the gun went off and I started toward the heron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird and started to do so when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses, it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little harder and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

An Awful Disappointment.

"The most disappointed man I ever saw," said a Baltimore financier, "was a poor wretch who was about to be hanged in one of the northeastern counties of Maryland. I happened to be there about the time and accepted an invitation to witness the execution.

"This fellow's lawyers had been working hard to save his neck, and there seemed to be some possibility that he might be reprieved. The time set for the execution arrived, however, and the sheriff made plans to carry out the execution. The march to the scaffold had begun, and the prisoner was about to mount the steps when a messenger arrived, waving a telegram in his hand.

"The procession was at once stopped, and the sheriff took the telegram, but saw that it was addressed to the condemned man. He handed it to the fellow, who, trembling with hope, tore open the envelope. He cast his eager glance at the message, paled and let it drop from his hand. The sheriff picked up the paper, read it, and the march to the scaffold was resumed. In a few minutes the man who had hoped for a reprieve was in eternity.

"The message was from some minister who had become interested in his case. It told him to trust in the Lord and he would be saved."—Washington Post.

An Evening Call.

"I called on Perkins last evening," remarked Mr. Brown.

"Did you have a pleasant time?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Very. Perkins was beating his wife when I went in."

"What?"

"I say Perkins was beating his wife, but of course he stopped when I came in."

"Well, I should hope so."

"I begged him to go on, but he said some other time would do just as well."

"You begged him to go on?"

"Why, yes. I didn't want to spoil the fun, you know."

"Oh, you brute! Do you mean to say that you could have looked calmly on while he beat his wife?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I thought you had at least a spark of manhood left. I suppose you will be beating me next."

"Yes; I think I could if you would play cribbage with me."

"Play cribbage?"

"Yes; that is what Perkins and his wife were doing."—London Telegraph.

Got His Price.

"Away over on the east side of the city," said a New Yorker, "lies the shop of a well known butcher, who rejoices in the euphonious and suggestive name of 'Four Cent Miller.' He sells meat in smallest quantity to his customers, and, as the coin of the realm in that locality is principally conspicuous by its absence, there is a constant effort to beat him down in price. The other day Miller and a would be customer all but came to blows over a pound or so of pork chops, and the discussion finally culminated in Miller irately demanding:

"'Well, why don't you go to Smith (a rival butcher) if you can get them cheaper?'

"'Because,' explained the customer, 'Smith hasn't got any.'

"'Oh,' said Miller, 'is that so? Well, when I haven't got any my price will be 4 cents, too, but while I have they cost 7 cents. See?'

"The customer saw and purchased." —New York Tribune.

Absurdly Particular.

"Why did you resign from your club?" he asked.

"Oh, they were so absurdly particular," she replied.

"How?"

"Why, the chairman wouldn't let me talk just because some one else was talking—as if that made any difference."—Chicago Post.

He Had the Requirements.

Wife—What are some of the requirements necessary to make a successful poker player, my dear?

Husband (thoughtfully)—Well, a man must be cool, calculating, crafty, deceitful, selfish, sly and have a touch of meanness in his disposition.

Wife (shocked)—I shouldn't think you would care to play with such people.

Husband—Oh, I nearly always win!

LITTLE LEAKS.

What They May Lead to and How They May Be Stopped.

It is possible to lose much by littles. A classic case is that of the royal granary which was depleted of its stores by a succession of "one rat came and took one grain away, and another rat came and took another grain away." So fortunes are dissipated, and reputations are destroyed, and health is ruined and character itself lost—by little extravagances, little indiscretions, little negligences, little obliquities.

Benjamin Franklin was a great economist not alone of money, but of time. He said, "To teach a young man to shave himself is as good as to give him a purse of gold." He had reference to the minutes as well as the dimes it costs to patronize the barber.

Elihu Burritt stopped the leak in his time and taught himself a dozen languages. Gladstone was equally wise, for he read Plato in his carriage between Carleton terrace and the parliament buildings.

A prosperous man ascribed his success in business to his habit of permitting no particle of material to be unproductive. He experimented and elaborated until he found a method of disposing profitably of every atom left over.

There is a man in New York who has in bank a goodly sum of money which he calls his "'tis but fund." When tempted to needless expenditure by the specious plea, "'Tis but a nickel or a quarter or a dollar," he denies himself and drops the amount he would have spent into a portable bank, which is filled with amazing rapidity. That is one way to stop a leak.

More serious than any prudential matter are the little leaks in life by which vital energy is squandered and moral force is diminished, imperceptibly it may be, through what we sometimes regard as inconsequential acts. Lack of order in our methods of labor, indifference to the "minor morals" of hygiene and the "major morals" of honesty and truth, the practical repudiation of personal responsibility, the neglect of duties which arise from our ethical and religious nature—these are the leaks which we must stop or be bankrupt in the world's eyes and in God's.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Last Execution at Tyburn.

The last execution on a permanent gallows in London took place at Tyburn on Nov. 7, 1783, the malefactor being one John Austin, condemned for highway robbery with violence. For centuries Tyburn had been the scene of executions for criminals condemned in Middlesex, and before the erection of the permanent gibbet occasional hangings had taken place, record existing of the hanging of Judge Tressilian and Nicholas Brembre at that place as far back as 1388.

The gallows consisted of three posts, and around it were open galleries, resembling race stands, in which seats were let. On account of the disgraceful scenes on the road, executions were transferred in 1783 to the area in front of Newgate, despite the objections of residents, and on Dec. 3 of that year the first hanging took place there, when no less than ten were executed.—London Chronicle.

Fond Mother—Oh, I am so glad you came in! I don't know what on earth ails the baby.

Caller—Shall I run for the doctor.

Fond Mother—No, for an interpreter. His French nurse left suddenly today, and nobody can understand what he says.—Wave.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Pay the printer.

Money makes the paper go.

Cash beats credit out of sight.

Ed Farrell is on the sick list.

Get your gardens ready for planting.

A. Costa is still confined to his bed.

Mr. J. L. Wood is able to get about again.

Every family in town should have the Enterprise.

Cold waves are becoming fashionable in this latitude.

Hon. Jos. J. Bullock was in town on legal business Monday.

T. B. McGlothlin, after an absence of several months, returned last week.

Bedrock prices will be the rule at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's new store.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

John Schirck returned last week from a few weeks' trip around the Bay counties country.

The local Journeymen Butchers will give one of their delightful dances on Washington's Birthday at Butchers' Hall.

Look out for it. On Monday next. We mean the opening of the big stock at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's in the big brick block.

Miss Acilia Hynding has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Homestead school caused by the resignation of Miss Donohoe.

It cost Martin Raab two days, two trips to the city and the services of two dentists to get rid of one bad tooth, besides the cash and a sore jaw.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

Tom Connelly returned on Wednesday from Bakersfield, where he took in the Hegarty-Herrara fight and after the battle took a look at Kern county oil wells. Tom says he had a royal good time.

The Women of Woodcraft will have initiation ceremonies at Butchers' Hall, Saturday evening, February 8, 1902. Visitors from the city will be in attendance and refreshments will be served at the conclusion of the initiation ceremonies.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., February 1, 1902.: Henrich, Phil; Mouse, D.; Schwartz, Charley.; Webber, H. B.; Foreign: Cuneo, G. B.; Zinsle, Christ.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

On Wednesday morning a boxcar got away from the siding near the depot and ran upon the main track when it was struck by a locomotive, with the result that the car was wrecked and the track injured, requiring the presence of the wrecking train crew. The 6:45 a. m. mail train was forced to go over the old line and this place missed its mail. *

HALF MOON BAY NOTES.

W. I. Dibble, organizer for Woodmen of the World, has been in town the past week for the purpose of organizing a local camp of that order.

S. A. Guiberson arrived from the city last evening with a large steam pump which will be used at the Purissima oil wells to raise water from the creek to the works.

Messrs. Sallee, Hayne & Guiberson finished their second well this week. As it has not yet been pumped its capacity is not known.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

AFTER GARBAGE MEN.

The highways of the First township have long been rendered offensive to travelers by vegetable men and others who scattered decayed vegetation and other garbage along the roads. Supervisor Eikerenkotter has had the entire district placarded, issuing a warning against the practice. He will prosecute offenders until the practice is discontinued.—Redwood City Democrat.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY OF SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Few of our people realize the extent of the oyster industry in this county. It is generally known that the western shore of the bay from San Bruno to San Carlos are occupied by oyster beds, but beyond this little or nothing is known regarding them.

The beds in this county are owned and operated by the M. B. Moraghan Company and the Morgan Oyster Company, the headquarters of both concerns being located in San Francisco. The business has grown to enormous proportions and is constantly increasing. At the beds there are now employed nearly fifty men, and within a year this number will be doubled.

At the present time there are shipped to the San Francisco headquarters for distribution to the various customers 400 boxes of oysters per day. As each box contains 250 bivalves an idea of the industry can be gained with little difficulty. The shipments are made by boats which ply regularly between the beds and the city.

The oysters produced at these beds are Eastern transplanted, and during the spring months of each year from fifty to eighty carloads of "seed," or small oysters, about the size of an almond, are received from various points on the Atlantic coast and planted in the beds in this county. These oysters are marketable usually in one year. The beds are enclosed by stakes, set close together, which are for the purpose of excluding sharks, stingrays and other destroying agencies.—Leader, San Mateo.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Short of Experience.

Herbert Gladstone while yet a single man was addressing a woman's suffrage meeting in Leeds one afternoon, and he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the ladies who had addressed the meeting. He gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking.

Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of merriment by a male voice which proceeded from the back of the hall and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect, "Eh, lad, thou'rt noan wed yet, I see'st!"—London Truth.

London Street Names.

Peerless street, in London, is a corruption of Perilous pool. Golden square was originally Gelding square, and the name was changed at the wish of the inhabitants. Fetter lane has nothing to do with fetters, but only with fewtors (idle fellows), who once loafed in the neighborhood. Gutter lane, in the city, is really Gutheron's lane. Duck's Foot lane, near Cannon street, should be Duke's Foot lane, being so named after the Dukes of Suffolk. Cannon street had nothing to do with guns, but everything with candles, which were made in it when it passed as Candlewick street.

A Lucky Bargain.

It is said that a foreman stereotyper in a London printing works has had a curious windfall. Going to a sale of musical instruments, he purchased an old harpsichord for 20 shillings, because, having a hobby for fretwork, he fancied the wood of the front panel. When he got his purchase home, he dissected it. He then discovered that the harpsichord had a double back, and presently between the boards he found very old Bank of England notes the total face value of which amounted to £30,000.

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, pergamona, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

No Danger.

Coal Merchant—I say, Premium, I want to insure my coalyard against fire. What's the cost of a policy for £1,000?

Insurance Agent—What coal is it? Same kind you sent me last?

Merchant—Yes, it is.

Agent—Oh, I wouldn't insure it if I were you. It won't burn!—London Answers.

Elevating.

Northern Colored Man—But you ought to be a lawyer or doctor or something high. Isn't there some way in which you can rise above the cornfield?

Southern Colored Man—Yas, sah; dah's many ways. Dah might be a hurricane, or dis mule might lif' me wid his heels.—Philadelphia Record.

Chance For Heroism.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, $10; upper flat, $12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARacter and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-4

Prizes for Irrigation Photos

—THE—

National Homemaker,

devoted to the making of homes in the Arid West, wants Photos depicting irrigation with

Homes Founded by Such Work.

Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize.....$5
Second Prize.....$3
Third Prize.....$2

Contest Closes March 1, 1902

Publishers reserve the right to purchase Photos not winning a prize. Address

THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Special Subscription Price, $1 a Year.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Cups, Brushes and Sponges That Are Left In Barber Shops.

"What becomes of all the old shaving mugs?" was the question asked the barber.

"What becomes of the owners?" was the response.

Neither side seemed disposed to answer the query, and there was an awkward silence. The barber slapped his razor on the strop, smeared some extra lather on the victim's mouth so he wouldn't be inclined to interrupt and said in a stage whisper:

"Now, I'll tell you, but I don't want it shouted from the housetops. We use the mugs again."

He paused and sighed as he tossed the questioner's head the other way.

"Yes," he continued, "we use them again. We don't like to lose customers; but, if we must lose them, why, we don't mind if they leave their cups, etc., behind. It's surprising how many do; but, then, barbers do mostly a 'shifting trade.' It's no secret that we urge customers to have their own cup. Most of them are satisfied if they have a private cup, brush and sponge. We supply them with the man's name on the cup for $1.50, and our profit on the transaction is 50 cents. When a man has a razor and comb and brush besides the other tools, he generally takes the whole lot away when he's leaving, but countless cups, brushes and sponges are left behind in every barber shop.

"The cups are always good. Many of them contain such common names as John Smith, William Jones, etc., and when some other John Smith or William Jones orders a cup we simply supply him with the cast off one. Sometimes they need a little touching up with gilding; but, on the whole, it's very profitable.

"The brushes and sponges? Oh, we use them on the transients."—New York Telegram.

A Testimonial Worth Having.

An inventor, having produced a wonderful hair invigorating fluid, sent a case of bottles to a bald editor, with a request for a testimonial. He got it in these terms:

"A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid penwiper at a small cost. We applied the lather to a twopenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest shaving brush you ever saw, with beautiful, soft hair growing from the end of it some five or six inches in length.

"Applied to doorsteps, it does away with the use of a mat; applied to the floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a shed makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside or anywhere that luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes."—Collier's Weekly.

Africans Wash, but Never Wipe.

Great attention is given in most of the African tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up and down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from a European without reference to the color. The sun is their only towel.

His Good Wife.

Dr. Price—Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him.

Mrs. Sharpe—I know! I know! I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like it.—Philadelphia Press.

Figure It Out.

Since the force exerted by the human heart every twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 120 tons one foot high, when a man tells his sweetheart that "he loves her with all his heart," can it be that he means 10,000 pounds an hour?—New York Times.

Prizes for Boys and Girls!

The National Homemaker

A Handsomely Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to making

HOMES IN THE ARID WEST,

wants new subscribers in this section.

To the boy or girl in the West sending the greatest number of subscribers to THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER by July 1st, 1902, there will be paid **$25 in Gold**; to the second, $15, and to the third, $10.

In addition to this, all contestants sending in ten or more subscriptions, will receive 10 per cent. commission for their work.

The regular subscription price is $2, but during this contest it will be but one-half of that amount—$1.

Circulars, sample copies, and subscription blanks will be sent to all contestants by addressing

THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices and are in demand.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8@8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6@6.10; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½@5¾c; rough heavy hogs, 4@4½.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼@4½c; Ewes, 3¾@4¼c. Yearling Lambs, 4½@5c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4¼@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½; second quality, 6½@7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@6¾c; second quality, 6½ third quality, 5@6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½; small, good, 9@9½; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7½@8½c; Ewes, @7 7½c; Yearling Lambs, 8½@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½@8¾c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12@13c; picnic hams, 9c; Atlanta ham, 9c; New York, shoulder, 9c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 14½c; light S. C. bacon, 13½c; med. bacon, clear, 11½c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12c; clear light, bacon, 13c; clear ex. light bacon, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $13.50; do, hf-bbl, $7.00; Family Beef, bbl, $13.00; hf-bbl, $6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10¼c; do, light, 10½c; do, Bellies, 10¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $21.00; hf-bbls., $10.75, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.15; do, kits; $1.10.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8¼	8⅜	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	11	11¼	11¼	11⅜	11¾	11⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.25; 1s $1.25; Roast Beef, 2s $2.25; 1s, $1.25.

Ideal Dental Co.

6 EDDY ST., Rooms 32 & 44, San Francisco.

Painless Extraction a Specialty.

Five years written guarantee with all work.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - $175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

STERILITY CURED

BY

MME. E. SATTLER-SIMON

French Graduated Midwife and Electrician.

Takes Ladies in Confinement. Nice Home. Charges Moderate.

Ask for **Sattler's Medical Wine** a fine Tonic; pint bottle.

OFFICE:
1709 Powell St., near Union
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OFFICE HOURS—From 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m. feb16

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

THIS SPACE RESERVED BY DEBENEDETTI & MONTEVALDO

Open About February 1st.

LOOK OUT FOR THEIR AD.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

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Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,
San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Waing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXV.

"I will send the child to you in a cab on Wednesday," the woman said, as I rose and made my way towards the hall; "you have not told me your address."

I paused for a moment. Dared I tell her my address? Yet my money was paid, and if I did not, I should lose both it and the refuge I had bought with it. Besides I should awaken suspicion and inquiry by silence. It was a fearful risk to run; yet it seemed safer than a precipitous retreat. I gave her my address, and saw her write it down on a slip of paper.

In the afternoon the little girl arrived quite alone, except that a man had been hired to carry a small box for her, and to deliver her into my charge. This was a great relief to me, and I gladly paid the shilling he demanded. The child was thinly and shabbily dressed for our long journey, and there was a forlorn loneliness about her position, left thus with a stranger, which touched me to the heart. We were alike poor, helpless, friendless.

"I'm so glad!" she said with a deep-drawn sigh of relief; "I was afraid I should never go, and school is such a heavenly place!"

The words amused yet troubled me; they were so different from a child's ordinary opinion.

"It's such a hateful place at Mrs. Wilkinson's," she went on, "everybody calling me at once, and scolding me; and there are such a many people to run errands for."

"What is your name, my dear?" I asked, sitting down on my box and taking her on my lap. Such a thin, stunted little woman, precociously learned in trouble! Yet she nestled in my arms like a true child, and a tear or two rolled down her cheeks, as if from very contentment.

"Nobody has nursed me like this since mother died," she said. "I'm Mary; but father always called me Minima, because I was the least in the house. He kept a boys' school out of London, in Epping Forest, you know; and it was so heavenly! All the boys were good to me, and we used to call father Dominie. Then he died, and mother died just before him; and he said, 'Courage, Minima! God will take care of my little girl.' So the boys' fathers and mothers made a subscription for me, and they got a great deal of money, a hundred pounds; and somebody told them about this school, where I can stay four years for a hundred pounds, and they all said that was the best thing they could do with me. But I've had to stay with Mrs. Wilkinson nearly two months, because she could not find a governess to go with me. I hate her; I detest her; I should like to spit at her!"

"Hush! hush!" I said, drawing her head down upon my shoulder again.

"Then there is Mr. Foster," she continued, "he torments me so. He likes to make fun of me, and tease me, till I can't bear to go into his room. You'd hate Mr. Foster, and Mrs. Foster, if you only knew them."

"Why?" I asked in a whisper. My voice sounded husky to me, and my throat felt parched. The child's impotent rage and hatred struck a slumbering chord within me.

"Oh! they are horrid in every way," she said; "they frighten me. He is fond of tormenting anything, because he's cruel. But they are very poor—poor as Job, Mrs. Wilkinson says, and I'm glad. Aren't you glad?"

The question jarred in my memory against a passionate craving after revenge, which had died away in the quiet and tranquillity of Sark. Ought I to do anything for him? Was there anything I could do to help him?

"He is ill, too," pursued the child; "I heard him say once to Mrs. Foster, he knew he should die like a dog."

Ill! dead! My heart beat faster and faster as I pondered over these words. Then I should be free indeed; his death would release me from bondage, from terror, from poverty—those three evils which dogged my steps. I had never ventured to let my thoughts run that way, but this child's prattling had now forced them into it. Richard Foster ill—dying! what ought I to do?

There was one thing only that I could do, only one little sacrifice I could make for him whom I had vowed, in childish ignorance, to love, honor and cherish in sickness and in health, until death parted us. A home was secured to me for twelve months. I had enough money still to last me until then. My diamond ring, which had been his own gift to me on our wedding day, would be valuable to him. Sixty pounds would be a help to him. I set the child gently away from me, and wrote my last letter to my husband. Both the letter and the ring I enclosed in a little box.

A great thump against the door brought a host of fears upon me. But before I could stir, the insecure handle gave way, and no one more formidable appeared than the landlady of the house, carrying before her a tray on which was set out a sumptuous tea, consisting of buttered crumpets and shrimps. She put it down on my dressing table and stood surveying it and us with an expression of benign exultation.

"Those as are going into foring parts," she said, "ought to get a good English meal afore they start. And this, my master says, is a testimonial to you."

I could hardly control my laughter, and I could not keep back the tears. It was a long time now since any one had shown me so much kindness and sympathy as this. The dull face of the good woman was brightened by her kind-hearted feeling, and instead of thanking her I put my lips to her cheek.

The next morning found us in France. From Honfleur to Falaise warm, genial sunshine filled the air. The slowly moving train carried us through woods where the autumn seemed but a few days old. We passed through miles upon miles of orchards, beneath which lay huge pyramids of apples. Truck-loads of them stood at every station. The air was scented by them. Children were pelting one another with them. It was almost like going into a new world, and I breathed more freely the farther we traveled down into the interior. At Falaise we exchanged the train for a small omnibus, which bore the name "Noireau" conspicuously on its door. At length we started off on the last stage of our journey.

Finally our omnibus was jolting and rumbling down some steep and narrow streets, lighted by oil lamps swung across them. Only at the inn where we stopped was there anything like life. I woke up Minima from her deep and heavy sleep.

"We are here at Noireau!" I said. "We have reached our home at last!"

The door was opened before the child was fairly awake. A small cluster of bystanders gathered round us as we alighted, and watched our luggage put down from the roof. Minima was leaning against me, half asleep. A narrow vista of tall houses lay to the right and left, lost in impenetrable darkness. The strip of sky overhead was black with midnight.

"Noireau?" I asked in a tone of interrogation.

"Yes, madame," responded a chorus of voices.

"Carry me to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said, speaking slowly and distinctly.

The words, simple as they were, seemed to awaken considerable excitement. The landlady threw up her hands, with an expression of astonishment. Was it possible that I could have made a mistake in so short and easy a sentence? I said it over again to myself, and felt sure I was right. With renewed confidence I repeated it aloud, with a slight variation.

"MADAME UNLOCKED THE DOOR."

"I wish to go to the house of Monsieur Emile Parrier, the avocat," I said.

But whilst they still clustered round Minima and me, giving no sign of compliance with my request, two persons thrust themselves through the circle. The one was a man, in a threadbare brown great coat, with a large woolen comforter wound several times about his neck; and the other a woman, in an equally shabby dress, who spoke to me in broken English.

"Mees, I am Madame Perrier, and this is my husband," she said; "come on. The letter was here only an hour ago; but all is ready. Come on; come on."

She put her hand through my arm, and took hold of Minima's hand, as if claiming both of us. A dead silence had fallen upon the little crowd, as if they were trying to catch the meaning of the English words. But as she pushed on, leading us both, a titter for the first time ran from lip to lip. I glanced back, and saw Monsieur Perrier, the avocat, hurriedly putting our luggage on a wheelbarrow, and preparing to follow us with it along the dark street.

I was too bewildered yet to feel any astonishment. We were in France, in a remote part of France, and I did not know what Frenchmen would or would not do. We stopped at last opposite the large, handsome house, which stood in the front, in the photograph I had seen in London.

"It is midnight nearly," said Madame Perrier, as we came to a standstill and waited for her husband, the avocat.

He passed through the garden gate and disappeared round the corner of the house, walking softly, as if careful not to disturb the household. At last whe reappeared round the corner, carying a candle, which flickered in the wind. Not a word was spoken by him or his wife as the latter conducted us towards him. We were to enter by the back door, that was evident. She led us into a dimly lighted room, where I could just make out what appeared to be a carpenter's bench, with a heap of wood shavings lying under it.

"It is a leetle cabinet work of my husband," said Madame Perrier; "our chamber is above, and the chamber for you and leetle mees is there also. But the school is not there. Come on, mees."

We went down the broad gravel walk, with the pretty garden at the side of us, where a fountain was tinkling and splashing busily in the quiet night. But we passed the front of the house behind it without stopping at the door. Madame led us through a cart shed into a low, long, vaulted passage, with doors opening on each side; a black, villainous looking place, with the feeble, flickering light of the candle throwing on to the damp walls a sinister gleam. Minima pressed very close to me, and I felt a strange quiver of apprehension; but the thought that there was no escape from it, and no help at hand, nerved me to follow quietly to the end.

The end brought us out into a mean, poor street, narrow even where the best streets were narrow. A small house stood before us; and madame unlocked the door. We were conducted into a small kitchen. There was an oil lamp here. Madame's face was illuminated by it. There was not a trace of refinement or culture about her, not even the proverbial taste of a Frenchwoman in dress. The kitchen was a picture of squalid dirt and neglect. The few cooking utensils were scattered about in disorder. The stove before which we sat was rusty. Could I be dreaming of this filthy dwelling and this slovenly woman? No; it was all too real for me to doubt their existence for an instant.

She was pouring out some cold tea into two little cups, when Monsieur Perrier made his appearance, his face begrimed and his shaggy hair uncombed. He stood in the doorway, rubbing his hands, and gazing at us unflinchingly with the hard stare of a Norman peasant, whilst he spoke in rapid, uncouth tones to his wife. I turned away my head, and shut my eyes to this unwelcome sight.

"Eat, mees," said the woman, bringing us our food. "There is tea. We give our pupils and instructresses tea for supper at six o'clock; after that there is no more to eat."

We had the same vaulted passage and cart shed to traverse on our way back to the other house. There we were ushered into a room containing only two beds and our two boxes. I helped Minima to undress, and tucked her up in bed. She put her arm round my neck, and drew down my head to whisper cautiously into my ear.

"They're cheats," she said earnestly, "dreadful cheats. This isn't a splendid place at all. Oh! whatever shall I do? Shall I have to stay here four years?"

"Hush, Minima!" I answered. "Perhaps it is better than we think now. We are tired. To-morrow we shall see the place better, and it may be splendid after all. Kiss me, and go to sleep."

I was awakened, while it was yet quite dark, by the sound of a carpenter's tool in the room below me. Almost immediately a loud knock came at my door, and the harsh voice of madame called to us.

"Get up, mees, get up, and come on," she said, "to the school. Come on, quick!"

The air was raw and foggy when we turned out of doors, and it was so dark still that we could scarcely discern the outline of the walls and houses. The school, madame informed me, was registered in the name of her head governess, not in her own; and as the laws of France prohibited any man dwelling under the same roof with a school of girls, except the husband of the proprietor, they were compelled to rent two dwellings.

"How many pupils have you, madame?" I inquired.

"We have six, mees," she replied. "They are here; see them."

We had reached the house, and she opened the door of a long, low room. There was an open hearth, with a few logs of green wood upon it. A table ran almost the whole length of the room, with forms on each side. A high chair or two stood about. All was comfortless, dreary and squalid.

But the girls who were sitting on the hard benches by the table were still more squalid and dreary looking. Their faces were pinched, and just now blue with cold, and their hands were swollen and red with chilblains. They had a cowed and frightened expression, and peeped askance at us as we went in behind madame.

"Three are English," said madame, "and three are French."

She rapped one of the swollen hands which lay upon the table, and the girl dropped it out of sight upon her lap, with a frightened glance at the woman. Minima's fingers tightened upon mine. The head governess, a Frenchwoman of about thirty, was now introduced to me.

Breakfast was being brought in by one of the pupils. It consisted of a teacupful of coffee at the bottom of a big basin, which was placed before each of us, a large tablespoon to feed ourselves with, and a heaped plateful of hunches of bread. I sat down with the rest at the long table, and ate my food, with a sinking and sorrowful heart.

As soon as madame was gone, Minima flung her arms around me and hid her face in my bosom.

"Oh!" she cried, "don't you leave me; don't forsake me! I have to stay here four years, and it will kill me. I shall die if you go away and leave me."

"We must make the best of it, Minima," I whispered to the child, through the hum of lessons. Her shrewd little face brightened with a smile that smoothed all the wrinkles out of it.

"That's what father said!" she cried; "he said, 'Courage, Minima. God will take care of my little daughter.' God has sent you to take care of me. Suppose I'd come all the way alone, and found it such a horrid place!"

(To be continued.)

Servant Girls in Germany.

The growing demand for women in the factories of Germany is bringing the servant-girl problem more and more to the front.

Better a prudent enemy than a friend without discretion.

THE USE OF STARTERS.

E. D., in Hoard's Dairyman: I have not yet been in this country a year. I have a good deal of practical experience from Sweden and Denmark. What I find strange in this country is, that it is not common to pasteurize the cream before they make butter of it. You can't find many creameries in Sweden and Denmark together where they do not pasteurize the cream or the milk before the time to go through the separator. They heat the milk or the cream up as high as 200 degrees. I prefer to pasteurize the cream instead of the milk, because it hurts the separation, and I don't think it skims as clean with that high temperature. There are many reasons why it is good to pasteurize the cream. First, they can get a product that keeps a longer time, and it is easier to get the same fine product the whole year round.

I used to make my starter in this way: I bought a bottle of culture and followed the directions that came with the bottle. The next day I get the starter ready to ripen the cream with. I save a little of that starter, and take a can of good sweet morning's milk and separate it, separate before any other milk has been going through the separator, that it may not be mixed with other milk.

This skim milk I heat up to 175 degrees and keep it at that temperature for two hours. I used to have a barrel of boiling water, and put the can in there. Then I take it out, and let it run over a cooler, and cool it down and air it. Then you put that starter into what you have saved, and keep the milk at the temperature, that it may get sour in about eighteen or twenty hours; and you go on in that way day after day, taking the best milk you can get, and pasteurize it, and take a little of that starter you had the day before, and you regulate it (the temperature) and the amount of starter you put in to it, that it may get ripe in proper time. If you put the can in a barrel of straw, it keeps easier a constant temperature.

If you know a farmer who has a good stock of cows you can make arrangements with him that he sends you the milk in a separate can from one of his best cows. Be careful to take the first one or two top inches off of the milk after it gets sour, that has a bad odor, and then stir it up good.

If you take good care of the starter in that way, you can keep it for months, and it will be even better than the first time. You can make your own starter, and don't need to buy any culture. You just take the milk and put it aside, and let it get sour, and then go on in the same way as above.

You may use the starter once or twice a week to ripen your cream with, and the other days use the buttermilk. Regulate it so that the cream gets ripe in about eighteen to twenty hours, and no less or longer, and never churn the cream before it gets thick, and don't let it get overripe; it makes the butter greasy.

Latest reports from Liverpool show that Oregon Yellow Newtons still lead the market by from 3 to 4 shillings per box.

The Redding Searchlight says that G. R. Williams of Bella Vista has been endeavoring for some time, without much success, to organize a county goat-raisers' association, with the object, as with all organizations of the kind, to obtain better prices for local clips. Where the producers act independently of each other they are the prey of the commission houses. It is impracticable for a small producer to market his clips by sample, but with all the growers combined their product would be worth bidding for by the commission houses.

Plant a fruit tree in every vacant corner about the place.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

Like Begets Like. ***The Sin of the Parent.***

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA GA.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post St. S. F. Send for Circular.

Educates young men and women for business. 800 graduates sent to positions annually. College not able to supply the demand for its graduates.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

WHY GET SOAKED WHEN TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING BLACK OR YELLOW WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE HARDEST STORM! ON SALE EVERYWHERE. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. CATALOGUES FREE SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FERRY'S SEEDS. Ferry's Seeds make good crops, good crops make more customers—so each year the crops and customers have grown greater. That's the secret of the Ferry fame. More Ferry's Seeds sold and sown than any other kind. Sold by all dealers. 1902 Seed Annual FREE. D. M. Ferry & Co. Detroit, Mich.

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it.

It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood.

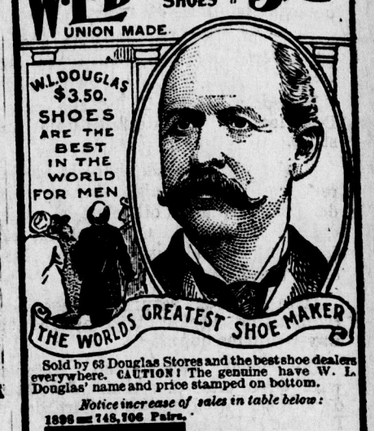
It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling.

It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE.



Sold by 63 Douglas Stores and the best shoe dealers everywhere. CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1898 = 748,106 Pairs.
1899 = 898,182 Pairs.
1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS: W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two man'f'rs in the world. W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes placed side by side with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary $3.00 and $3.50 shoes. *Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo.* Fast Color Eyelets and Always Black Hooks used. W. L. Douglas $4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled. Shoes by mail 25c. extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

SALZER'S New 20th Century OATS

TEST YIELD 300 BUS. PER ACRE

CLEAR THE TRACK! Here's the monarch—nothing like it on earth. Salzer's New 20th Century Oat takes the cake, carries first prizes as the biggest yielder everywhere. The fact is, Salzer's oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture claims that out of over 400 samples and kinds tested, Salzer's were the best. How do you like that, Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oat is bound to completely revolutionize oat growing and we expect dozens of farmers to report yields in 1902 running from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. Be in the swim and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will surely pay you.

Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre. The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north, east, south, and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macaroni wheat, yielding on our farms, 63 bushels per acre.

SPELTZ. The most marvelous cereal and hay food on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

VEGETABLE SEEDS. We are the largest growers and our stock of earliest Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all money making vegetables is enormous. Prices are very low. Onion seed 60 cents and up a pound. Catalogue tells.

For 10c—Worth $10. Our great catalogue contains full description of our Beardless Barley, yielding 100 bushels; our Triple Income Corn, going 400 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 600 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 6 tons of magnificent hay; our Pea Oat, with its 8 tons of hay, and Teosinte with 80 tons of green fodder per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth $100 to any wide awake gardener or farmer, with 10 farm seed samples,—worth $10 to get a start—is mailed you on receipt of 10c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WISC.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS. Cascarets. CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. 10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS.

CANDY CATHARTIC — SWEETEN THE STOMACH — PURELY VEGETABLE — LIVER TONIC — MILD BUT SURE — BOON FOR MOTHERS — CURE CONSTIPATION — NEVER SOLD IN BULK

Cascarets taste good. Eat them like candy. They remove any bad taste in the mouth, leaving the breath sweet and perfumed. It is a pleasure to take them, and they are liked especially by children.

Cascarets sweeten the stomach by cleansing the mouth, throat and food channel. That means, they stop undigested food from souring in the stomach, prevent gas forming in the bowels, and kill disease germs of any kind that breed and feed in the entire system.

Cascarets are purely vegetable and contain no mercurial or other mineral poison. They consist of the latest discoveries in medicine, and form a combination of remedies unequaled to make the blood pure and rich and make clean skin and beautiful complexion.

Cascarets tone the stomach and bowels and stir up the lazy liver. They do not merely soften the stools and cause their discharge, but strengthen the bowels and put them into lively, healthy condition, making their action natural.

Cascarets never grip nor gripe. They act quietly, positively and never cause any kind of uncomfortable feeling. Taken regularly they make the liver act regularly and naturally as it should. They keep the sewerage of the body properly moving and keep the system clean.

Cascarets increase the flow of milk in nursing mothers. If the mother eats a tablet, it makes her milk mildly purgative and has a mild but certain effect on the baby. In this way they are the only safe laxative for the nursing infant.

Cascarets taken patiently, persistently, will cure any form of constipation, no matter how old or how often other remedies have failed. They are absolutely guaranteed to cure any case, or purchase money will be cheerfully refunded.

Cascarets cost 10c, 25c, 50c a box. Samples sent free for the asking. We publish no testimonials but sell Cascarets on their merit under absolute guarantee to cure. Buy and try a box to-day, or write us for free samples and booklet.

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$100 REWARD will be paid to any reader of this paper who will report to us any attempt of substitution, or sale of "something just as good" when Cascarets are called for, and furnish evidence upon which we can convict. All correspondence confidential.

PENALTY SOON PAID.

RED-HANDED MURDERER SHOT WITHOUT CEREMONY.

Swift Retribution Overtook a Bad Mexican in the Wild West—Harmless-Looking Red-Headed Man Acted Quickly When Right Time Came.

"I don't like to see one man kill another in cold blood and then walk off without an attempt being made on the part of witnesses to the crime to catch the killer," remarked Peter Gallagher, while the subject of homicides was under discussion at Butte recently.

"I once knew a man, 'Mexican Lou' he was called, whose ambition was to kill some one. He was an expert driver of oxen and followed his occupation between old Fort Pierre, on the Missouri river, and Deadwood, S. D., before the advent of the railroad into that country.

"Lou was a wicked looking Mexican, and was just as wicked as his appearance indicated. He took special delight in cracking his oxen with the twenty-five-foot whip he carried when there was no need of it and committing other offenses in which the very essence of cruelty was discernible.

"But Lou finally reached the end of his string. One time he went to a place called Woodville, a station on the little narrow-gauge railroad built by the Homestake Mining Company for the purpose of securing wood for use in its mills, and took command of the town.

He seemed to have a grudge against every one and gave it out cold that he intended to start a graveyard for the new town.

"There was a little store at Woodville where timbermen bought their supplies. About two weeks after Lou arrived in the place he decided that the time for locating the cemetery site was ripe. Shoving a large knife up the right sleeve of his coat, he entered the store and endeavored to pick a quarrel with a woodchopper who was an entire stranger to him and with whom he had never before had a word.

"The woodchopper was not a fighter and avoided the Mexican as much as possible. The keeper of the store noticed his endeavor to keep out of trouble with the Mexican, and advised him to watch the latter and not allow him to get too close, as he had a knife and was bent on murder.

"There were several persons in the store at the time, among them a little man with reddish hair. The woodchopper was purchasing goods, but when told to look out for the Mexican's knife he grabbed a pick handle with which to defend himself in case of attack.

"The greaser saw the move, and kept his distance for the time being, but in a few minutes he saw an opening and rushed at the woodchopper with his knife drawn.

"With the look of a demon on his face he plunged the blade of the weapon into the woodchopper's body, then withdrew it and ran out of the store. The woodchopper fell dead.

"After getting outside, the Mexican started to run across an open space, his intention being to reach the timber at the opposite side, but he never reached it.

"Behind the counter of the store was a Springfield rifle, loaded and ready for business. The little red-haired man had seen the fatal blow struck and without waiting for further ceremony he promptly seized the gun, walked to the door, dropped to a stooping position, took deliberate aim at the fleeing greaser, and fired.

"The bullet struck the greaser squarely in the center of the back and passed through his body, killing him instantly.

"The red-haired man was at the inquest, which was held in Lead, a few miles away," said Gallagher, in conclusion, according to the Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain, "but when the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the Mexican had come to his death at his hands he coolly walked away without molestation from the officers present.

"They did not want him."

PASSING OF LEGERDEMAIN.

Sleight of Hand Performers Turn to Mechanical Tricks.

One of a group of three men who were seated at the Palmer House cafe last Friday night was amusing the other two with some clever sleight of hand tricks performed with a silver dollar that appeared and disappeared in a quite mysterious manner.

"Where did you learn that cleverness?" asked one of the spectators.

"In Philadelphia, forty years ago," he answered, "during the days of Signor Blitz, who was my teacher. I was a very young man then and lived next door to Blitz. He took a fancy to me and taught me many sleight of hand tricks that I have not forgotten.

"Blitz was one of the men who helped to bring juggling to its perfection, and paved the way for the great prestidigitators who followed him.

"Now the profession is in its decadence. It has passed its zenith and its performances fail to excite to wonder. It still survives as an adjunct to other performances, particularly for the amusement of children, and that is about all.

"Blitz gave a performance, entirely in legerdemain, six nights in the week and two matinees. That cannot be done in Philadelphia now, or at any place else, and draw paying houses. You remember the wonderful performances of Houdin, the Frenchman, and how he startled the world with his wonders and dumfounded his spectators with his astounding second sight. Then came Anderson, 'the Wizard of the North,' who drew full houses all over the country. Herrmann 'the Great,' one of the most clever of them all in simple sleight of hand tricks, was with us only a few years ago, and his successor is now performing. Then we yet have Kellar, who has carried mechanical tricks and deception by the use of mirrors to perfection.

"But the fact is that these clever men fail to excite more than a very little interest, because their tricks and their ways and their methods are all to well known. Their performances have been exploited to the utmost detail, and our children now know how tricks that were once considered absolutely astounding are performed, and many of them are clever enough to repeat them in our parlors.

"We know all about the deception of mirrors, the possibilities of electricity and lights, what mechanics can accomplish and the cleverness of the human mind in performing apparent wonders. All of this means that the profession of the prestidigitator is passing and that he is only surviving as an adjunct to other attractions."—Chicago Record-Herald.

YOUNG RULERS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt Not the Youngest Man at Head of a Great Nation.

President Roosevelt is our youngest President, and there is much talk of his being the embodiment of the young blood which is to put America above all other nations. But President Roosevelt is not the only young ruler in the world. In fact, he is older than at least nineteen rulers of the great nations of to-day. William of Germany is three months younger; Nicholas of Russia is only 39 years of age; and the Emperor of China is ten years younger still. Possibly he might not be counted as a ruler by some people, but still his name is recognized, no matter who pulls the strings in the Chinese court. Victor Emmanuel of Italy is 28 and Wilhelmina of Holland only 21. Alphonso of Spain is probably the youngest ruler of all, as he is not yet 16. Charles I. of Portugal is under 40, and Ferdinand of Bulgaria is not yet 41. Abbas II., Khedive of Egypt, is not more than 27; Alexander of Servia, but 25; Thank-Tai, King of Siam, 22, and Prince George of Greece, Governor of Crete, 32. Among the rulers of the little German States, Ernest Louis of Hesse is 33; Frederic of Waldeck 36 and Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg, but 17. Several rulers in India are under 30, and in the western hemisphere, R. Inglesais, President of Costa Rica, is less than 40.

These young men of to-day must be older for their years than were their predecessors of years ago, or else the world is easier to rule than then. Certainly the government of the world represented by these "young" men, is wiser, broader and more enlightened than ever before.—Minneapolis Journal.

Discoverers of Ceylon.

The Portuguese, who in the days of their commercial greatness had a wonderful keen eye for anything like gold that comes from successful commercial pursuits, were the first Europeans to discover Ceylon and to make use of the island. They occupied the desirable ports from early in the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth. Then the Dutch came along and ousted them. This was in 1656. And for 140 years the Dutch administered the maritime provinces. In 1796 the English took from them this last remaining stronghold. It was not until 1815 that the British hold on the island was clinched by the departure of the King of Kandy. Up to that time, despite the impress that they had made on the coast, the Europeans had been entirely unable to get into the interior, and the kings of Kandy had reigned over several milion people who paid tribute to them. Great kings they must have been, some of them, for there are many evidences to show that the civilization of those days was something worth while. In area the island is about the same size as Holland or Belgium. It is 271 miles long and 137 miles across at extreme breadth. Its area is 25,365 square miles. In Singalese the island is Lanka. Its later names were Serendib and Taprobane.

The Amateur Detective.

The wisest person may sometimes make a serious mistake by judging entirely from appearances. Forward gives a case in point in which the enormity of the mistake contributes largely to the humor.

A careless young woman, in starting to leave a car, dropped her purse. A young man, who evidently intended to leave the car at the same time, saw her drop the purse, picked it up and put it into his pocket.

But his action had not been unnoticed. Just as he stepped from the car an elderly man gripped him by the arm and whispered, "If you don't give that purse to the young lady this instant I'll expose you."

"Yes, certainly!" gasped the astonished young man. Then, with a grin, "I beg pardon, Elizabeth; you dropped your purse."

"Oh, thank you, Jim," she replied, as she took it.

"I hope you are satisfied," said Jim, turning to the elderly man. "The lady is my sister."

A Question in Astronomy.

"Do you believe in the nebular hypothesis, Brother Dickey?"

"No, suh," was the reply after a moment's thought. "I nebber wuz positive 'bout anything 'cept hellfire fer sinners!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Bath Tubs of Glass.

Bath tubs of glass are now being made very cheaply in Germany by the use of compressed air.

When you meet a man with a scheme, proceed to get in a hurry.

EDISON IN POOR HEALTH.

The Great Electrical Wizard Said to Be Working Himself to Death.

According to a New York correspondent Thomas E. Edison's condition is worrying his friends. The famous inventor has recently been advised by several distinguished physicians to stop work, but he pays no heed to their counsel. He is engrossed in the investigation of several difficult problems and refuses to rest. For a number of years Mr. Edison has been "burning the candle at both ends." He not only

THOMAS E. EDISON.

has taken no account of sleep, but has forgotten when meal time comes. The latter thing is what, in the opinion of his physicians, has done most to undermine his headth. Hundreds of times within the past few years he has eaten only one meal a day, and this a hasty breakfast. The result is a disorder of the stomach.

He is determined to work out as many as possible of the problems which are vexing his mind, and his friends have no doubt that he will keep at it until the end.

FRENCH FADS.

One Seems Altogether Without Reason; Another Is Reverse.

The women of Paris are just now engaged in rivalry in regard to who shall own the prettiest fox cub. Every society woman has one, with the result that the little creatures are valued at from $20 to $25. When they become too large to handle they are sent to the country and are there set free on the great estates of the rich. Fox cubs are very clever and very playful, but they never are quite tame, and hence are only temporarily safe house companions.

When invited to spend the night at the home of a friend, it is now imperative to add to the nightrobe and the toilet auxiliaries a set of clean sheets. Really fastidious people do so. When the Czar and Czarina were invited to be the guests of Paris, their couches were fitted by France with linen from the stock of royal napery accumulated during the emperorship of Napoleon III. The imperial guests calmly and quietly directed their attendants to remove the French linen and substitute for it the pieces wrought with the arms of the Romanoffs. This, it was explained to their perplexed entertainers, was the Czar and Czarina's invariable custom, and it seemed to them to be as imperative a piece of refinement as the owning of individual toothbrushes. Now all the smart set pretends to have been ever scrupulous in regards to individual bed linen, and drapers are happy because it increases the quantity and enhances the quality of their sales, since their patrons consider that only exquisitely fine, monogrammed or crested sheets, ingeniously hand-stitched, are good enough for use when going a-visiting.

Codfish, Eggs and Meat.

The mother codfish is prolific, the roe of a large one containing as many as 9,000,000 eggs. Nature seems to have provided for a much larger supply of cod than we are obtaining. But the eggs, floating on the surface of the water to hatch, are destroyed by millions. Codfish eat anything that comes along—from tacks to sharks' teeth. In the stomach of a large specimen two ducks were found. The fish weigh as much as 150 pounds, and the biggest are four and a half feet in length. One man has caught 600 in a day of eleven hours on the Newfoundland banks with a hand line. Eighty men take on an average of 1,600 a day on the Dogger bank. Newfoundland is the headquarters for dried cod. Consul Carter, at St. John's, says the quantity held there before the present season opened was 35,840,000 pounds. The stock on hand a year before was 42,560,000 pounds.—New York Press.

His Business.

George Horton, author of that successful book, "The Tempting of Father Anthony," does much of his literary work with the aid of a typewriting machine.

Mr. Horton also has a bright little daughter, 3½ years old, who often entertains guests when her father and mother do not happen to be at home. The other day a caller asked Miss Dorothy, by way of keeping up the conversation:

"What is your papa, little one? Can you tell me?"

"Oh, my papa's a typewriter," replied Dorothy, without any scruples about giving away a family secret.

You can fool yourself for one day, but the second day you begin to have a suspicion that maybe you are going to a lot of trouble for nothing.

METHOD OF FUMIGATION.

Fumigation for scale is an art in which perfection is only acquired by experience. The object is to kill the scale without injuring the tree, and at the least possible expense. The Los Angeles Horticultural Commissioners offer the following suggestions to orchardists who have occasion to fumigate:

First—The tents should be carefully inspected, and no hole, however small, should be allowed to go unpatched. This of itself is of the greatest importance, so that the greatest amount of gas possible may be retained under the tent.

Second—No waste room should be allowed in covering the trees. The tents are closely kicked around the trees.

Third—The generators must be placed as near the center of the tree as possible. This is of much more importance than many think. In the first place, a better distribution of gas is obtained and secondly, it prevents what is commonly considered making a smokestack up one side of the tree.

Fourth—Whenever the amount of cyanide used exceeds eight ounces a double generator is to be used. By this means the required density of the gas is obtained in half the time necessary if only one is used.

Fifth—The tents should never be taken from the trees before they have been there for an hour. Much of the poor work that has been done heretofore is to be attributed to insufficient time. This is especially important where the work is done for red scale. We are convinced that it takes at least one hour to destroy this scale as well as black scale, in an advanced stage.

The Commissioners also suggest that in the future orchardists purchase their own cyanide, and make separate contracts for burning it under the trees.

The pear grafted on the quince stock produces a small tree which is called the "dwarf pear." The fruit is not dwarfed. The trees are set close together, and for the first few years of bearing produce more fruit to the acre than standard trees, and the fruit is gathered much easier. In planting they should be set deep in order that roots may start from the graft. There is no object in planting dwarf pears in California, where there is so much rich, deep soil, which produces the standard tree to perfection.

Firearms in Russia.

As an illustration of how closely everything is watched in Russia, take their system of registering firearms. When a weapon of any kind is purchased a permit must be secured from the local authorities. The name of the man who makes the purchase, with the number of the weapon, is recorded. If the purchaser ever wants to dispose of the weapon he must notify the authorities and cause the transfer to be recorded on the books of the firm which sold it.

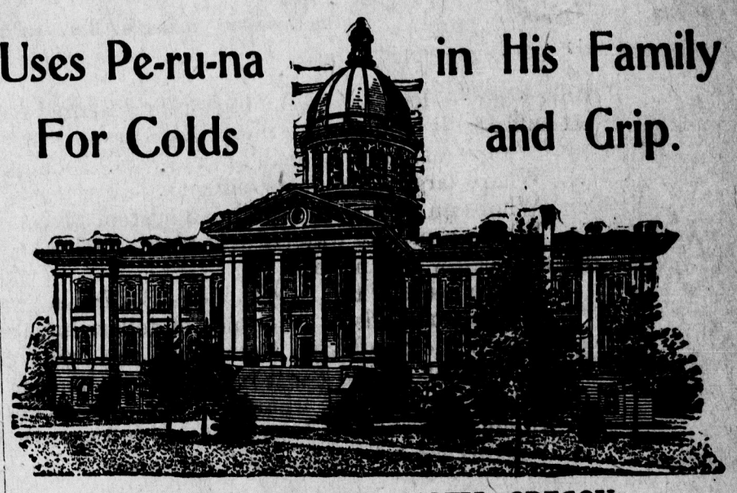
Time's Changes.

"Diogenes was a great man," said the contemplative person, "and yet he had no use for money. He was content to confine his possessions to a single tub."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "a tub might have been all right in those days, but what a man wants now is a barl."—Washington Star.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family For Colds and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

State of Oregon,
Executive Department,
Salem, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

It is stated that a large prune drying plant will be erected at North Yakima, Wash., in time to handle a good portion of the surplus crop next year.

Lame back makes a young man feel old. Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. See your druggist.

Robinson Crusoe got Friday cheaply enough to have called him a bargain day.

Piso Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough Cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

There is salt enough in the sea to cover 7,000,000 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Has His Agreeable Intervals.—Upgardson—Doesn't an extemporaneous speaker always bore you? Atom—No. Only when he tries to speak.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In the high school for girls in Bavaria the number of weekly hours for study has been reduced by three for hygenic reasons.

The value of the wine raised in the vineyards of Roumania last year was $7,500,000.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributers, San Francisco.

It is not always the flower of the family that furnishes the bread.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and it when is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's family pills are the best.

New South Wales has an agricultural college.

The Gilt Edge Whiskey is found in the best resorts, saloons and groceries everywhere. Your table is not complete without it. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

Budapest is to have an international exhibition of calculating machines.

The Distinctive Value

of Syrup of Figs is due to its pleasant form and perfect freedom from every objectionable quality or substance and to the fact that it acts gently and truly as a laxative, without in any way disturbing the natural functions. The requisite knowledge of what a laxative should be and of the best means for its production enable the California Fig Syrup Co. to supply the general demand for a laxative, simple and wholesome in its nature and truly beneficial in its effects; a laxative which acts pleasantly and leaves the internal organs in a naturally healthy condition and which does not weaken them.

To assist nature, when nature needs assistance, it is all important that the medicinal agents used should be of the best quality and of known value and Syrup of Figs possesses this great advantage over all other remedies, that it does not weaken the organs on which it acts and therefore it promotes a healthful condition of the bowels and assists one in forming regular habits. Among its many excellent qualities may be mentioned its perfect safety, in all cases requiring a laxative, even for the babe, or its mother, the maiden, or the wife, the invalid, or the robust man.

Syrup of Figs is well known to be a combination of the laxative principles of plants, which act most beneficially, with pleasant aromatic liquids and the juice of figs, agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system, when its gentle cleansing is desired. The quality of Syrup of Figs is due not only to the excellence of the combination, but also to the original method of manufacture which ensures perfect purity and uniformity of product and it is therefore all important, in buying, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

.... WESTERN MEAT COMPANY ...

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

: : :

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.